How LBJ Got the Nomination in 1960

June 18, 1964 35¢

The Catastrophic Non-War in Laos

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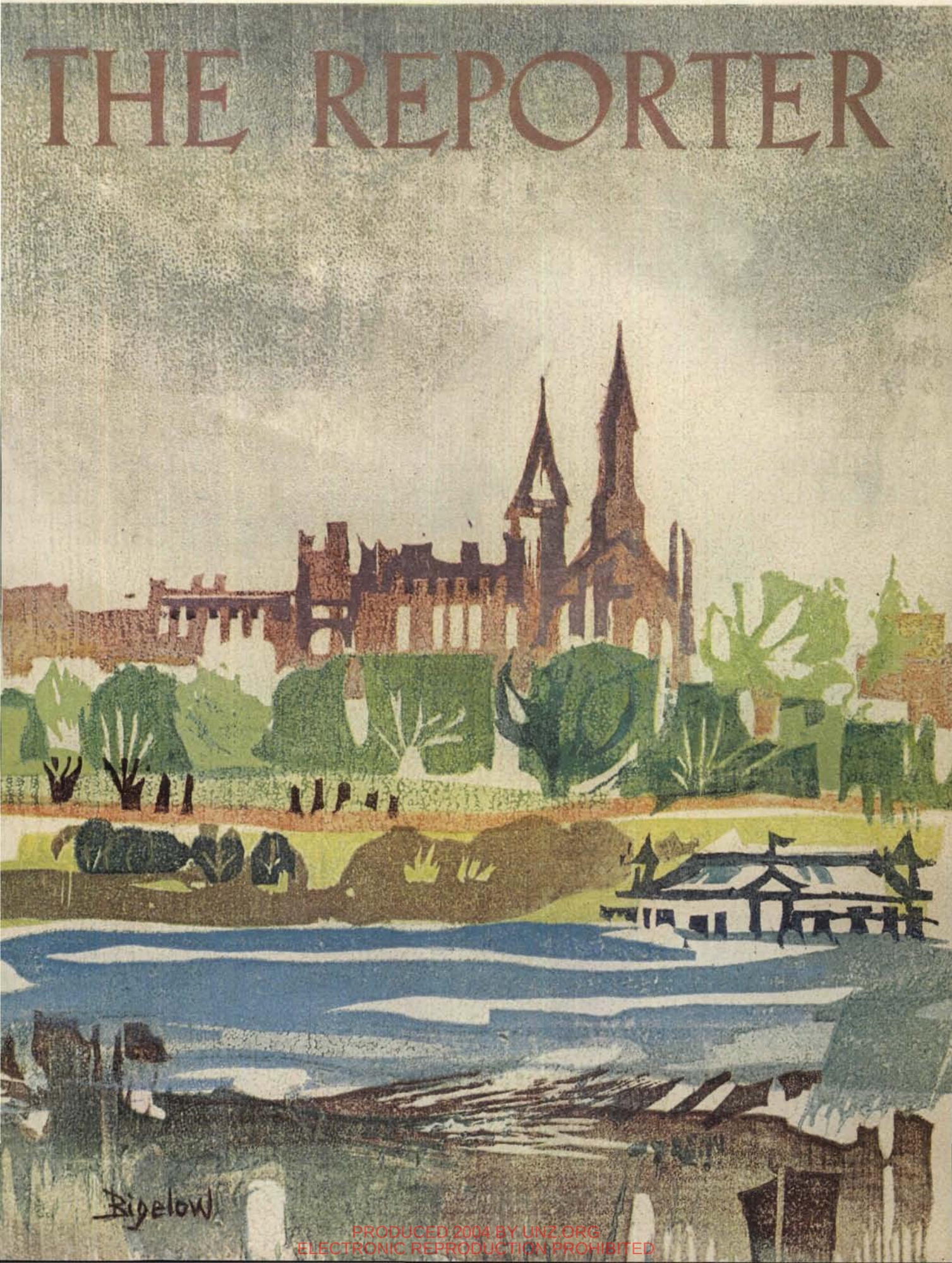

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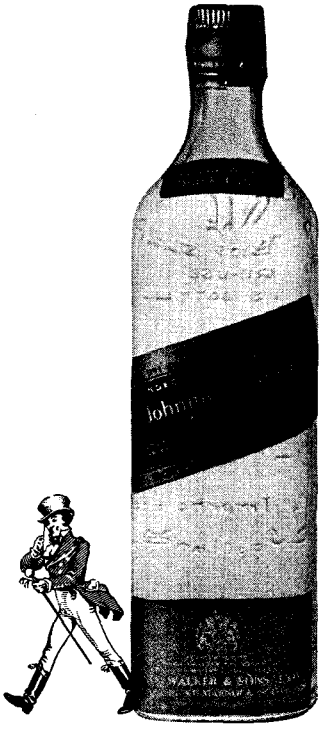

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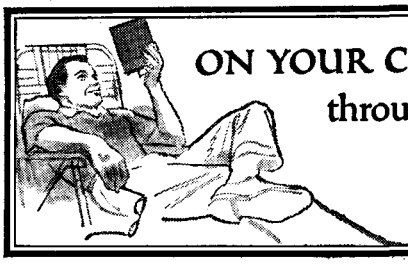

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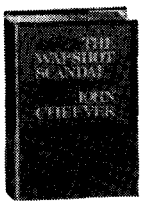

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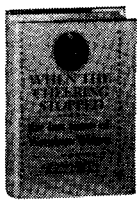

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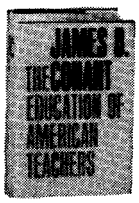

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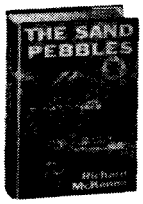

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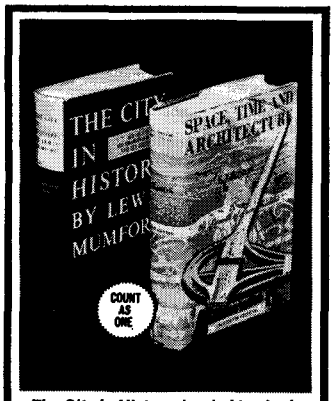

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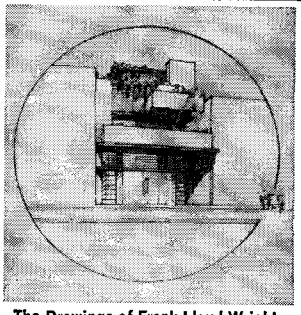

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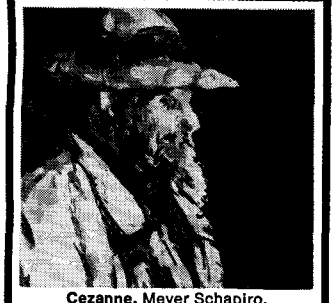

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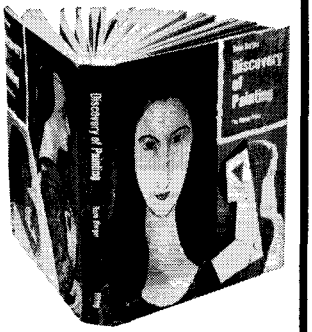

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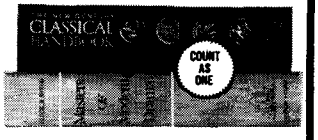

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THE PRINCIPAL ELEMENT of drama at the Democratic convention in Atlantic City this August is apt to be provided by the selection of a Vice-Presidential candidate. We would be very much surprised if Mr. Johnson had not given some very serious thought to the question, but we would be even more surprised if he made his own inclinations public until the proceedings were well under way. Among the potential running mates in 1964 is the young Attorney General, who was intimately involved in the selection of Lyndon B. Johnson in 1960. There have been rumors to the effect that Robert Kennedy didn't want Johnson on the ticket with his brother and worked hard to keep him off it. But a painstaking study of those hectic hours by **Philip Potter,** who covers Washington for the Baltimore *Sun,* reveals that both RFK and LBJ, whom Mr. Potter has recently interviewed, played their roles like the true professionals they are. Personal feelings never interfered with their determination to do what was best for the ticket as a whole. There is thus every reason to believe that both men will behave the same way this year, should the Attorney General decide to seek some elective office.

AS AN EXPERIMENT in neutralism, Laos has proved a costly failure that now threatens the security of the rest of Southeast Asia. The resulting dilemma facing the United States and its SEATO allies is described by **Denis Warner,** an Australian journalist who regularly reports for us on that critical area. . . . General de Gaulle's post-convalescence speech at the dedication of the tripartite Moselle waterway was virtually ignored by the American press. And yet, as **Edmond Taylor** points out, the general, who can make even the opening of a public-works project a historic event, managed to turn the occasion into a dramatic example of Franco-German reconciliation in his drive toward European unity as he conceives it. . . . When **Claire Sterling** returned to the Congo recently after a year, she found life in Léopoldville substantially improved. But Premier Cyrille Adoula's central government is still a long way from creating a sense of nationhood, and the Congolese Army, now under attack by rebel bands, does not seem prepared for the impending withdrawal of United Nations security forces. . . . The rapid escalation of racial protests into municipal violence in Chester, Pennsylvania, is a serious portent to other Northern communities, according to **Spencer Klaw,** a New York free-lance writer. . . . White and Negro leaders have a common problem in controlling the undisciplined gangs that attempt to inject vandalism and violence into civil-rights demonstrations. **Pat Watters,** a former Atlanta *Journal* newsman, is a staff writer for the Southern Regional Council. . . . **Stanley Karnow,** a contributing writer for the *Saturday Evening Post,* offers a revealing look at China's Sinkiang Province, where the Sino-Soviet ideological rift may become a dangerous military confrontation.

NO PARENT needs to be told that children are consumers: it would take the combined consuming powers of a swarm of locusts and a forest fire to match the devastatingly conspicuous consumption of a birthday party of eight-year-olds. But the little darlings are significant consumers in another sense, too—the one charted by advertising agencies and sales managers. Mindful of the influence children can exert over family spending, industry is turning to a new kind of marketing specialist to exploit what **Arturo F. Gonzalez** calls "The Moppet Market." Mr. Gonzalez is a New York-based free-lance writer. . . . One mark of a good cartoonist is his ability to give a stock gag situation an original twist—which **Fernando Krahn** has done delightfully. . . . **John Engels,** whose poem "Angler" appeared in our August 15, 1963, issue, is a member of the English Department at St. Michael's College, Winooski, Vermont. . . . Musicians consider the concerts at Rudolf Serkin's music center in Marlboro, Vermont, the finest of their kind in the world. **John M. Conly,** former editor of *High Fidelity,* explains why, and lists some of the Marlboro records available. . . . **Adolf A. Berle's** career of public service has included politics, diplomacy, and authorship of a number of important books. He is currently practicing law and teaching at Columbia University. . . . **Jean Edward Smith,** a history professor at Dartmouth, is the author of *The Defense of Berlin,* published last year by the Johns Hopkins University Press.

Our cover is by **Natalie Bigelow.**

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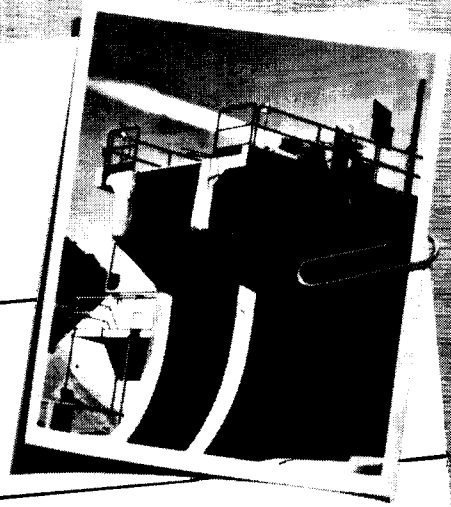

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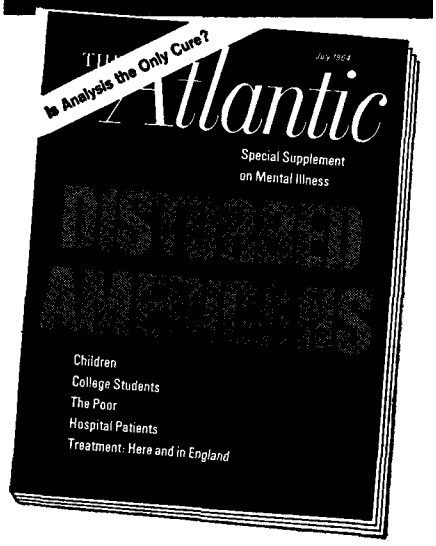

More than half of all hospital beds in the United States are occupied by the mentally ill, and thousands of Americans are being treated outside of hospitals for depression, anxiety, or other types of neurosis. In the July Atlantic, six medical men, a historian, and an administrator probe in depth the care and treatment of disturbed Americans. Don't miss their thought-provoking articles on:

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To the Editor: Jim Wood, in his article "California Republicans: Are the Birchers Taking Over?" (*The Reporter,* May 7), is precisely correct. Now is the time for all Republicans who want a party dedicated to individual freedom, equal opportunity, human progress, and an awareness of America's international responsibilities to come to the aid of their party. I am confident that the rank and file will do just that and that the efforts of the John Birch Society will be repulsed.

THOMAS H. KUCHEL
United States Senate

BEHIND THE RAIL SETTLEMENT

To the Editor: Having followed A. H. Raskin's reports on labor for many years in the New York *Times,* I am well acquainted with his exceptional skills. His article "The Meaning of the Rail Settlement" (*The Reporter,* May 21) reflects his customary insight and unique ability to deal with a highly complex industrial issue in terms that can readily be grasped by lay readers.

I have not seen anywhere a more perceptive and informed analysis of the industrial, political, and economic issues involved in the rail disputes of recent years. Certainly, I can attest that Mr. Raskin's description of the process that ended in the rail settlement conforms in every detail with our own understanding of the events as they developed.

DANIEL A. BENSON, President
Boston and Maine Railroad
Boston

To the Editor: I must agree with A. H. Raskin that the Railway Labor Act has failed to function in the manner originally intended and that White House intervention has become increasingly necessary during the past twenty years. As you know, the Railway Labor Act formerly had been considered a model piece of legislation for the disposition of labor disputes. However, unlike the National Labor Relations Act governing labor contracts in other industries, railroad labor contracts are not negotiated for any specific period and consequently run in perpetuity, subject to revision on thirty days' written notice by either party. Therefore, the very nature of the Railway Labor Act, coupled with the current progressive trend of labor in general, lends itself to instability. Frankly, I wish I knew the answer to this troublesome problem, but I doubt very much that White House intervention is a panacea.

E. T. REIDY, President
Chicago Great Western Railway
Kansas City, Missouri

HOW BRIEF THE WORD?

To the Editor: I was delighted to see our recent fight on advertising time standards discussed, particularly in such a full and fair manner by Daniel Rapoport ("And Now, a Brief Word from Our Sponsors . . . ," *The Reporter,* June 4). Keep up the good work.

E. WILLIAM HENRY, Chairman
Federal Communications Commission
Washington

KENYA'S LAND PROBLEM

To the Editor: In Claire Sterling's "Kenya Discovers the Perils of Uhuru" (*The Reporter,* May 7), we are informed that "What they [the Mau Mau] wanted, still want, and will always want is to see the backs of the last white settlers in Kenya, and to recover the land that has made the settlers rich." Since the Masai tribesmen and elders of other tribes now occupy a major portion of the land, the same problem of landownership arises within the tribes as existed between the tribes of Kenya and the whites. Is not this problem as old as civilization? When the land is controlled by a small minority with no opportunity for the majority to purchase it, economic problems lead ultimately to uprisings in some form of revolution or civil war regardless of race or nationality. Consequently, Jomo Kenyatta has an arduous task before him to mold the dissatisfied tribes into some form of economic unity and eventually bring about a national spirit.

DALE D. MORFORD
Beaver, Pennsylvania

A SENSE OF STYLE

To the Editor: Bergdorf's has made its way into our literature in many peculiar ways, but none quite like that described in "The Reporter's Notes" on May 21. Our usual enjoyment of your good magazine was much enhanced by that piece.

LEONARD J. HANKIN
Executive Vice President
Bergdorf Goodman
New York

THE GOLDING TOUCH

To the Editor: Your book reviews reflect the quality of the entire magazine: they are nearly always very fine. But George Steiner's critique of William Golding's *The Spire* (*The Reporter,* May 7) is probably the fairest, most thoughtful, and most enlightening review I have ever read, even in *The Reporter.*

KRISTINE O. GARRIGAN
Department of English
Ohio State University
Columbus

To the Editor: I would like to comment on three small factual points in George Steiner's most interesting review of William Golding's *The Spire.*

The first concerns Mr. Golding's second novel, *The Inheritors.* This, as Mr.

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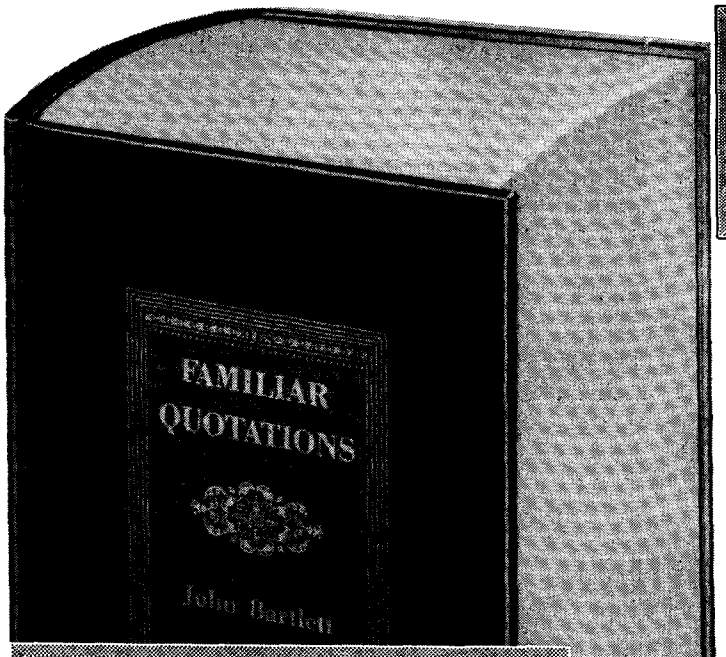

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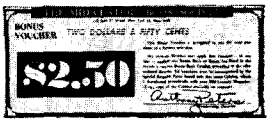

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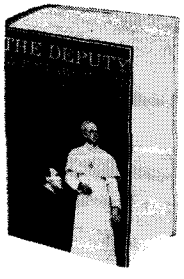

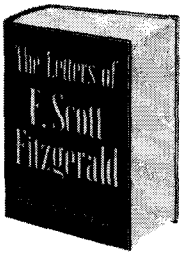

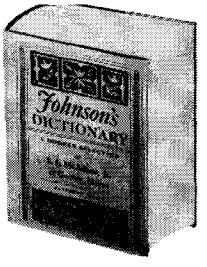

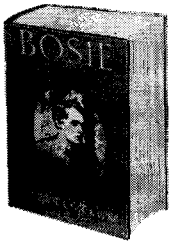

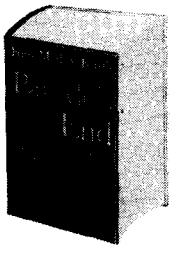

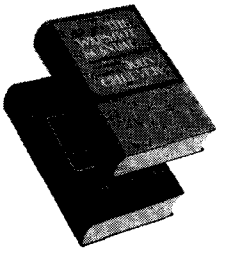

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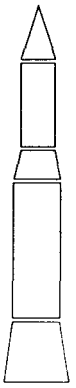
by Vernon Van Dyke



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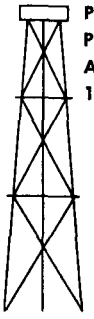

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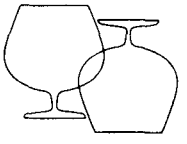
STATUS POLITICS AND THE AMERICAN TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT

by Joseph R. Gusfield



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Steiner says, was published here in 1955; but he adds that it "had been written and rewritten earlier." This is not, in fact, so. Mr. Golding did not start work on *The Inheritors* until *Lord of the Flies* was finished; and, once it was completed, he did very little rewriting or revising.

The second concerns *The Spire*. Unlike *The Inheritors*, this book was in fact rewritten and reshaped very considerably—and several times—during the five years which intervened between its publication this spring and the publication of *Free Fall* in 1959. It is not the case, however, that these earlier versions were seen by us; and it follows, *a fortiori*, that we never urged Mr. Golding to publish any of these versions, as Mr. Steiner may perhaps imply when he says, "Despite the publisher's excitement over successive versions, Golding held back and reworked." The typescript of *The Spire* first reached us on May 9, 1963, and no one here had seen any earlier version of it. Though certain revisions and changes were made after that date, they were all comparatively minor ones designed simply to tidy up a number of loose ends.

Finally, the title. It is perfectly true that one of Mr. Golding's first ideas for the title was *An Erection at Barchester* (not *The Erection*); and it is equally true that we didn't like it. The reason for our dislike was not "decorum"—if that means "prudishness"—but a feeling that a punning title of this nature was inappropriate for a highly serious novel which is likely to form a permanent part of our literature. The title finally chosen, *The Spire*, was entirely Mr. Golding's own idea and was not the result of any suggestion, direct or indirect, by us.

CHARLES MONTEITH
Faber and Faber Ltd.
London

Mr. Steiner replies:

Concerning the order of comp[illegible]on of Mr. Golding's first two novels, I am in error and therefore apologize to his London publisher.

However, I would like to take exception to Mr. Monteith's second point. Twice before the manuscript of *The Spire* was in, one of the senior editors of Faber and Faber told me that they were "very excited about the book," but that Mr. Golding was revising it and was not yet ready to put the book in. It now seems that they were "excited" before actually seeing the text.

As for the controversy over the title, I carefully said that "rumor has it . . ." A friend of the author's told me about two years ago that Golding was, perhaps jokingly, referring to the book as *The Erection*. Now Mr. Monteith tells us that the publisher did want a change of title. "Decorum" can cover many things, including puns. In fact, I think *An Erection at Barchester* would have been a more graphic, precise title for a book in which steeple and phallus are persistently identified.

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The Goldwater Bandwagon

As far as one can judge, it's all over: Barry Goldwater has won the Republican Presidential nomination. There will be, of course, a convention in San Francisco: there will be nominating speeches for some of those who failed to fight, just as there will be for the one candidate who opposed Goldwater every step of the way, from New Hampshire to California. That will be a weird moment when we are given the name of "the man who"—Nelson Rockefeller.

By the time the ceremonial starts in San Francisco, probably the Republican Party will have managed to regain some semblance of the unity and cohesion that was shattered by the pre-convention fights culminating in the California primary. There will be a Vice-Presidential candidate already assured of nomination and a platform designed to reconcile the peculiarities of Barry Goldwater with the exigencies of party solidarity. But no amount of political slickness, no skill in verbal compromise, can possibly succeed in hiding the facts: the Presidential candidacy of the Republican Party has been won by a right-wing maverick with the support of a still undefinable coalition of political forces mostly alien to the traditions of the Republican Party since the beginning of the twentieth century. The maverick's victory has been won in a fair and open competition, although the political personality of the victor, what he actually is and stands for, is still as much of a mystery as the actual inclinations and power of the assorted forces that brought him to victory.

All one can say about those forces is that they are characterized by the wish to reverse most of the trends of American policy from the New Deal to our day. Whether and to what an extent these denials are compatible with each other cannot possibly be known as yet. There is the denial of Federal intervention in business, in education, race relations; there is a "No" to the U.N. and to any other way of dealing with Communism than by crushing it in a total military victory. Yet it would be absurd to attribute Goldwater's success exclusively to right-wing anarchists. There are also tough businessmen who should know something about the relationship between government and business—people like former Secretary of the Treasury George M. Humphrey. There are others who are simply tired of something or other—paying taxes, providing assistance for foreign governments, or hearing talk about bussing schoolchildren.

The man around whom these disparate forces have rallied can be more easily defined by stating what he is not than what he actually is. He is surely no Hitler, as some foreigners have insanely said. And he is not a new Robert Taft, for Taft was truly a conservative, tirelessly applying his conception of American destiny to the arising emergencies of domestic and international life. Perhaps it was a narrow and restricted conception, but it was a sustained one. And sometimes Taft, in applying it to new situations, managed to bewilder other conservatives whose minds were less creative than his.

Senator Goldwater can be called neither an isolationist nor an internationalist. His adventures in conservatism have been so wide-ranging and extreme, with so many retreats from extremisms, that any attempt to define him is futile—unless one is satisfied to say that as a true Westerner, he has been since the beginning of his political life a New Frontiersman of the Right.

For all his inconsistencies and shooting from the hip, there is a genuine quality about him that is not last among the reasons for his

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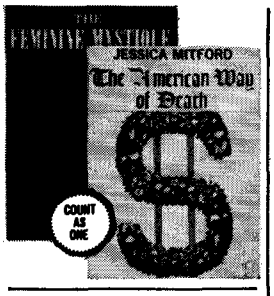

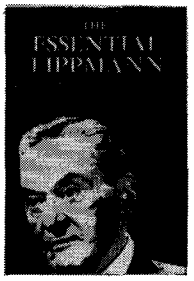

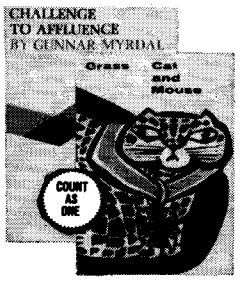

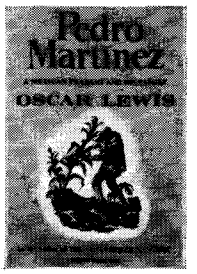

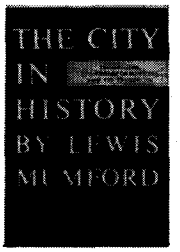

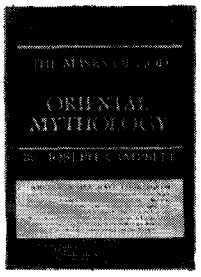

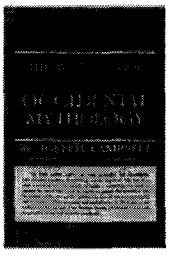

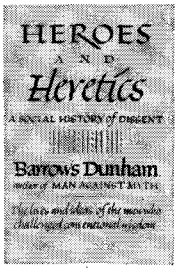

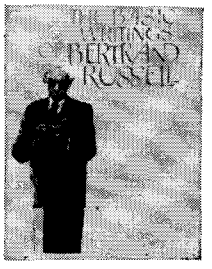

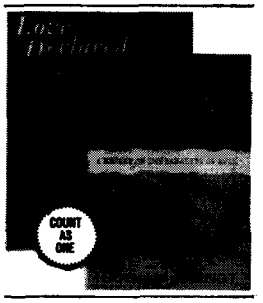

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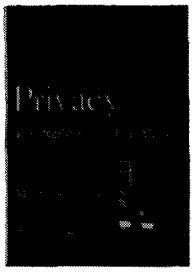

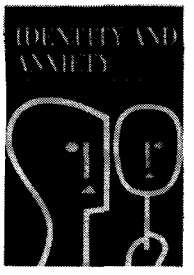

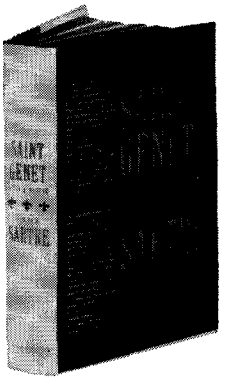

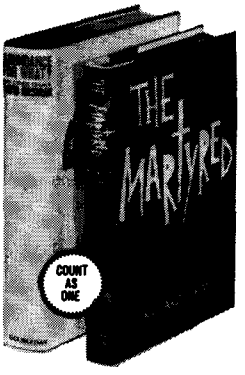

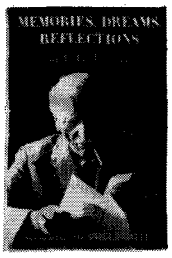

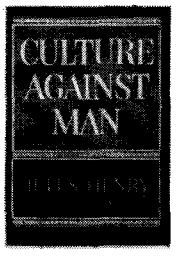

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This undefinable man, with the assistance of his so far undefinable constituency, is already the Republican candidate for the Presidency of the United States. It is too early to say now what will happen to his party if he is defeated, and to the nation if he is elected. The only thing we can say for the present is that considering both possibilities, we gasp.

—MAX ASCOLI

Eight-Inning Final Scores

Several weeks before the California primary election, Fred W. Friendly, president of CBS News, said in a speech: "Suddenly radio and television are not only the method of covering that election; we *are* that election. Because we are electronically beamed, we can do in a matter of seconds what newspapers used to do in a matter of hours. We were able to call the New Hampshire vote eighteen minutes after the polls closed. What a responsibility this is! We have searched our souls. We must use this responsibility very carefully. We are seriously considering holding back calling an election in any state until all of the polls in that state are closed."

And yet on June 2, just twenty-two minutes after the polls had closed in Los Angeles but thirty-eight minutes before they would close up north in San Francisco, CBS looked into the liver of its electronic oracles and pronounced Barry Goldwater the winner.

In what turned out to be an extremely close election that wasn't finally settled until the next morning, Goldwater almost certainly won by fewer votes than were cast in those final minutes. What effect did that solemnly presented but entirely unofficial CBS prediction have on the people who may have heard it over their car radios on their way to vote? Or on those who were just finishing dinner and deciding whether they'd bother about exercising their franchises? In the minds of undecided voters, would such news produce a desire to get on the bandwagon, a determination to be contrary, or just plain torpor? We ask the questions only to make it clear that nobody knows.

Actually, Californians must be getting sort of used to casting *ex post facto* ballots. In the 1960 Presidential election, the mechanical know-it-alls were predicting a Kennedy landslide on the basis of Eastern returns while the polls were still open in California, which eventually went to Nixon.

There are laws to make sure that bars and liquor stores are closed while people are voting—on the sensible supposition that under certain circumstances booze can change a voter's mind. The announcement that a candidate has already won a race which is still being run, we suspect, can also be pretty heady stuff. If we shut down the bars until the polls are closed, perhaps the networks ought to give some more serious consideration to Mr. Friendly's suggestion about closing down the thinking machines.

The End of an Era

Outside India, Jawaharlal Nehru always was and will probably always remain a controversial figure. For some he was a great statesman, the master architect of coexistence; for others he was the "hypocrite with the rose," the manipulator of a double standard rigged to operate to the advantage of the Communist countries and to the commensurate disadvantage of the West. But to Indians, Nehru was "the anointed one," Gandhi's only political heir, father, teacher, friend: the agnostic who played with wry grace the role of saint that was thrust upon him.

Nehru could capture his audience's imagination with a single phrase. "I have been thinking," he said at a mass press conference in

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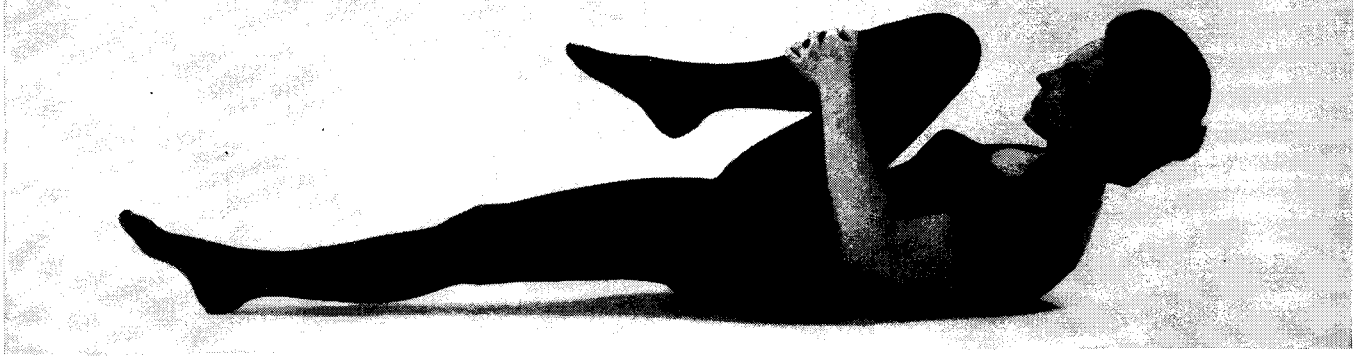

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Impressions of Lenin

by Angelica Balabanoff
Introduction by Bertram D. Wolfe

This little book is a revealing closeup not of one person but of two, two morally opposite poles of the Socialist movement of the first quarter of our century: V. I. Lenin and Angelica Balabanoff, and, for good measure, a vivid closeup of that Socialist movement in its hour of crisis.

176 pages. $5.00

The University of Michigan Press
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New Delhi in 1958, "more and more of an investment in man." On this lofty reflective pinnacle the audience and the nation were left perching: the next day the Indian newspapers headlined the "Investment in Man" without being able to give much if any account of what the phrase meant. He explained it the next day. It meant simply this: "I want to raise teachers' wages so that we can get the best people and keep them. I am trying to persuade our people that a teacher is much more important than a school building. They can do without school buildings. They can sit under a tree or anything that will provide shade in summer and shelter in winter." In the same way he once confounded Indian Communists with an almost casual remark: "The thinking apparatus of the Communist Party of India lies outside this country." The party spent three years and millions of words in a forlorn attempt to rebut the statement.

Nehru stole the show at the Belgrade Conference of nonaligned states in September, 1961. To the intense chagrin of the Yugoslavs, he exerted a moderating influence exactly where the Yugoslavs and other Communists did not want it. He warned underdeveloped countries of the dangers of an all-out drive for independence when they were not in an economic position to do anything with it. "There is no point," he said, "in putting a man on his feet if he can't walk: he will only fall down again and he might hurt himself badly in the fall." In the strange and volatile half-world of neutralist nations, Nehru's restraining, reasoned influence will be keenly missed.

However wide the range of conflicting opinion on Nehru as a world statesman, his influence on his own people was definitive. He practiced the cult of personality unashamedly and with visible gusto. What other man could have withstood the wave of indignation over India's unpreparedness in the face of the Chinese invasion or survived the demolition of the dream of neutrality which the invasion entailed and with which Nehru was totally identified?

Nehru was the British-educated Kashmiri Brahmin who succeeded in making himself a native of the classless India. No other Indian will enjoy the combination of endowments, both personal and historical, that made him what he was: the absolute ruler of India by permanent public acclaim, immune to the vagaries of political fortune. Indeed, Nehru personified and singlehandedly sustained an epoch. When he died, the epoch died.

Crackpot Crackshots

We are informed that American taxpayers are subsidizing (at a cost of $1,627,422 in 1963) the distribution of free ammunition under the Defense Department's civilian marksmanship program. The department also sells at a discount weapons that are being used in guerrilla training by right-wing extremists. One of these groups, the California-based Minutemen, has all but overtly threatened the lives of congressmen who vote against their favorite policies. Here is a sample of Minutemen thinking from an editorial printed last year in *On Target*, the organization's newsletter:

"Before you start your next smear campaign, before you murder again, before you railroad another patriot into a mental institution . . . better think it over. See the old man at the corner where you buy your papers? He may have a silencer-equipped pistol under his coat. The extra fountain pen in the pocket of the insurance salesman that calls on you might be a cyanide gas gun. What about your milk man? Arsenic works slow but sure. Your auto mechanic may stay up nights studying booby traps. These patriots are not going to let you take their freedom from them. . . . Traitors beware. Even now the crosshairs are on the back of your necks."

Following this call to arms, the Minutemen editorialist leaves no doubt about whom he considers traitors—the congressmen who voted against the House Committee on Un-American Activities. *On Target* listed the names and addresses of these six most-wanted congressmen, and followed the list with the names of others who had fought the committee in a black-bordered "In Memoriam" box.

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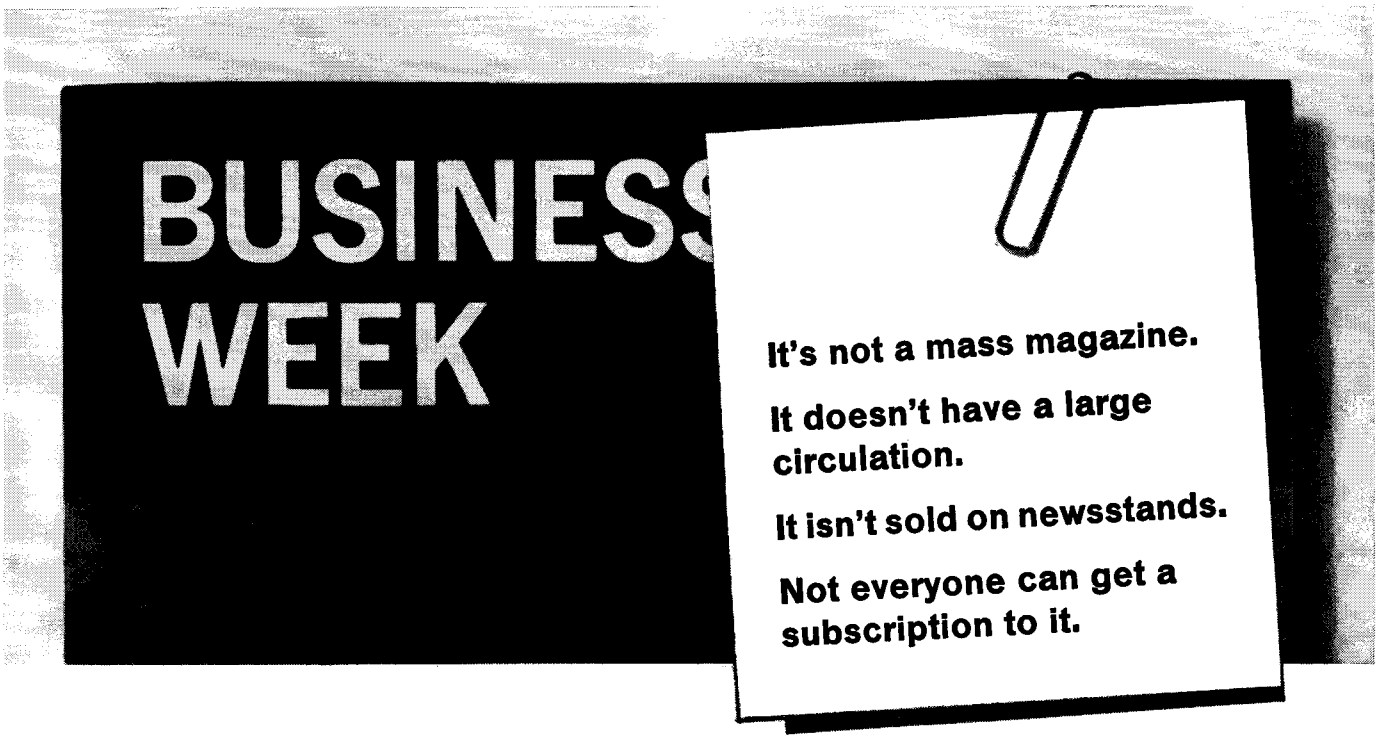
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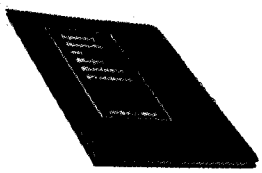

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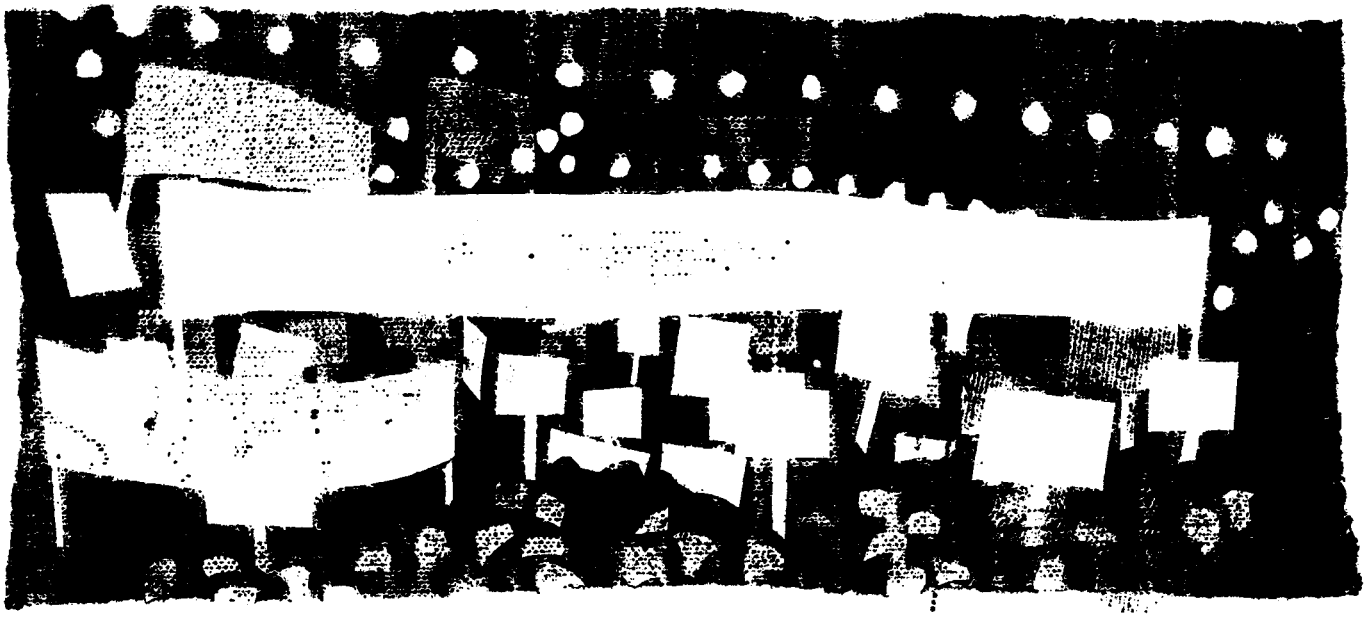

How LBJ Got the Nomination

PHILIP POTTER

THERE HAVE BEEN persistent rumors of enmity between Lyndon Johnson and Robert Kennedy ever since the 1960 Democratic convention in Los Angeles. According to one widely held theory, Robert Kennedy did not want Johnson on the ticket with his brother and tried hard to keep him off it. In an effort to find out precisely what happened during those frantic hours on the night of July 13, 1960, before the Vice-Presidential nomination was settled, I have recently interviewed the President and the Attorney General themselves. Further details have been provided by Senator Edward M. Kennedy and the late President Kennedy's principal political lieutenants, P. Kenneth O'Donnell and Lawrence F. O'Brien, both of whom served Kennedy and now are serving Johnson as Special White House Assistants. The historical narrative thus pieced together and checked against the recollections of the chief actors in the drama contains several interesting surprises that could have a significant bearing on the next Democratic convention in August.

The Kennedy brothers and the Kennedy lieutenants are all agreed that the decision to approach Johnson was made by the Presidential candidate himself. The idea did not originate, as some have suggested, in the Johnson camp, and it was not seen as a mere gesture by the man who made it. He based the decision on his talks with principal party leaders and on his own political judgment after weighing the qualifications of various prospects, including Senator Stuart Symington of Missouri, Senator Henry M. Jackson of Washington, and Governor Orville Freeman of Minnesota, now Secretary of Agriculture. Moreover, such decisions, once made, were neither disputed nor diluted by his brothers, his aides, or anyone else.

John Kennedy wanted Johnson because he thought the Texan would give most support to the Democratic ticket, especially in Texas and the South. Texas had twenty-four of the needed 269 electoral votes. Kennedy suspected they would be crucial votes. He also wanted Johnson because, as he had said many times, he thought him well qualified by experience to serve in the nation's highest office.

But Kennedy was not at all sure that Johnson would take second place on the ticket and was hesitant about asking until he conferred late at night after his own nomination with such expert practitioners of the art of the possible as Governor David L. Lawrence of Pennsylvania, Chicago's Mayor Richard J. Daley, and his father, Joseph P. Kennedy. They concurred in his judgment and suggested that Johnson could be won over. Kennedy was elated when Johnson responded receptively to his first feelers.

Members of the Kennedy campaign team all assert that very little thought had been given to the Vice-Presidential nomination. They were all too busy nailing down delegate votes for the Presidential nomination, and right up until the balloting on the night of July 13 in Los Angeles they were never sure that they had enough. The first and only ballot gave Kennedy 806, Johnson 409, and Symington, a poor third, 86. Johnson had predicted that he would get 500 first-ballot votes, and he came pretty close. Symington had claimed 150 or more, almost double what he actually

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polled. The solidarity of the South for Johnson was very much in Kennedy's mind as he turned to the question of selecting a running mate.

Balloting was to start at 7 P.M. the next day. There was some talk of asking the convention leaders for a twenty-four-hour delay, Robert Kennedy remembers, but the idea was rejected as impractical. He does not know precisely when in the course of the post-nomination festivities his brother decided that Johnson was his man and that he should be asked if he would accept. But the plan was clearly taking shape in the early hours of July 14 when the Kennedy brothers broke away from the party leaders and went to the Los Angeles house where their father had watched the convention proceedings on television. Both Robert and Edward Kennedy are certain of one thing—their father vigorously approved his son's decision to ask Johnson to run with him. The younger brothers, whatever their private thoughts may have been, concurred. Robert had shown a leaning toward Jackson, with whom he had served on the Senate Select Committee on investigations as chief counsel. But the candidate's father resolved arguments about how Northern liberals would react to Johnson's name on the ticket with the observation that his selection might be a temporary shock but "will look good a couple of weeks from now."

About the time the Kennedys were discussing him, Johnson got a phone call in his suite at the Biltmore Hotel from Speaker Sam Rayburn, an old friend and mentor. "He said he felt Kennedy would offer me the Vice-Presidential nomination and that he hoped that under no circumstances would I take it," Johnson said in an interview he granted me on the subject. "I told the Speaker I didn't think I'd get an offer, but if I did I would do nothing until I talked to him."

'No Back Talk'

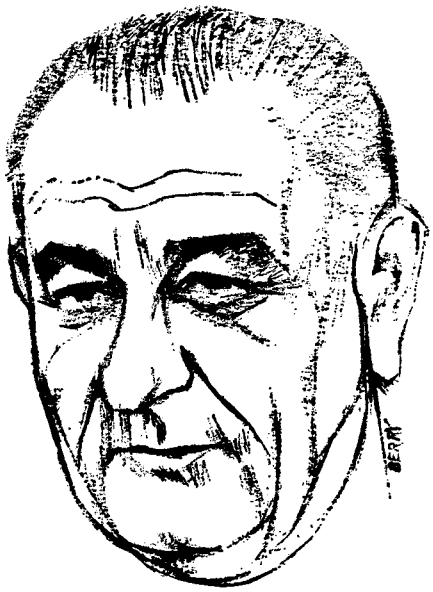
By seven o'clock on the morning of July 14, Kennedy had slipped out of his hideaway apartment in the Los Angeles suburbs and arrived at his headquarters in the Biltmore. He had already called his brother Robert and directed him to get a reading on the number of electoral votes that could be won in the Northern industrial states "plus Texas."

Pierre Salinger, then handling Kennedy's press relations and later to be White House Press Secretary, got his first word about the Johnson possibility at 7:15 A.M., when he and O'Donnell walked into Robert Kennedy's room at the Biltmore and found him in the bathtub. Robert Kennedy called out to Salinger: "Get me the book and find how many delegates there are in the North plus Texas."

"You're not thinking of that, are you?" was the startled response from Salinger, who had not been consulted and who leaned toward Symington.

"Yes, we are," was the reply.

O'Donnell has told me that by the time the staff gathered in Kennedy



headquarters, the senator had already been to Johnson's suite on a kind of scouting expedition; he informed Johnson that he had consulted Governor Lawrence and other prominent party leaders and that they joined him in wanting a Kennedy-Johnson ticket.

"There were demurrers from some of us," O'Donnell said. "I was for Symington. I said Johnson wouldn't go down well with the liberals and labor people I'd been working with in Kennedy's behalf—the Americans for Democratic Action, the California Democratic Council, and so on. But Kennedy cut me off, saying it would be tough to bring them around, but I'd have to do it. He wanted no back talk. He said getting Johnson on the ticket was worth it and I was to go to my clientele and make them see it. He said Johnson had surprised him by being receptive, although he wanted first to get an O.K. from Rayburn and some of his other associates."

PRESIDENT JOHNSON recalls that he was awakened about eight that morning by his wife with the news that the winner of the previous night's balloting was on the phone. "I took the call and Senator Kennedy said he wanted to see me," Johnson told me. "I asked where he was and said I'd be right over. He said no, he was coming up. I immediately called the Speaker and told him maybe he was right. Mr. Rayburn reiterated that he felt strongly that it would be a mistake for me to take it . . . He said I could do a better job for the Democratic Party and the country as majority leader and that he would not be happy without me on the Hill." Johnson told Rayburn he thought it likely that Kennedy wanted only to consult him about Vice-Presidential possibilities other than himself.

When Kennedy arrived, Johnson recalls, the Presidential nominee first expressed his thanks for a wire of congratulations Johnson had sent the night before. He then remarked that the fight for the nomination, in which Johnson had stressed the youth and inexperience of his opponent, had been a "good one," but now it was time to let bygones be bygones. "He said he hoped I could run with him, that he had said many times that he thought I was the best qualified for the Presidency by experience, but that as a Southerner I could not be nominated. He said he felt that I should be the one who would succeed if anything happened to him," Johnson told me. The President also remarked that many times since November 22 he has wondered whether Kennedy had had any premonition in 1960 that he would die in office.

"I told him I appreciated his offer," Johnson went on, "but thought I should stay as majority leader. I said I would talk to the Speaker again and with Governor Price Daniel of Texas and the chairmen of Southern delegations who had supported me, but that Lady Bird and

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everyone else I had consulted in the short time since his call were against me taking the Vice-Presidential nomination.

"I said I would give it thought, however, and asked who else he had in mind. He listed Freeman, Symington, and Jackson. I don't remember in which order, but I thought it would be Freeman. He asked if the Speaker had anything against him. I said he did not, but simply thought I should stay as majority leader. He asked if I would mind his trying to persuade the Speaker. I said I had no objection. I said that any of the three others he mentioned would make him a better running mate, and that, in any case, I would campaign for the ticket in every state in the Union.

"Kennedy left after saying he would see both the Speaker and Governor Daniel. He said he would call me that afternoon. He did see both men. The Speaker changed his mind completely and advised me to take it if a firm offer were made."

Mr. Sam Changes His Mind

It was Rayburn who induced Johnson to seek the Presidential nomination, in the apparent belief, as others now recall, that if Johnson did not make a race of it, the big-city Democratic bosses, most of them Catholics, would dictate Kennedy's nomination without opposition and that would make it easy for Kennedy to be beaten. Rayburn shared former President Truman's intense dislike of Richard Nixon, who in the 1954 Congressional campaign had made statements Democratic leaders interpreted as an attempt to brand them as "traitors." If Kennedy was to be the Democratic standard-bearer, Rayburn wanted him to win.

When Kennedy went to Rayburn's suite that morning, he played on the Speaker's party loyalty, suggesting that it would be easier for the Democrats to carry Texas and the South if Johnson were on the ticket. Both men were aware that the Catholic issue would figure prominently in Texas, where Southern Baptists are a dominant element. Rayburn was won over and promised that he would urge Johnson to accept the Kennedy offer.

Kennedy returned to his own suite for a round of conferences, telling his aides to get set for the Johnson Vice-Presidential nomination. O'Brien was directed to get the mechanics going and inform state co-ordinators of the Kennedy campaign about his decision. O'Donnell was told to inform his contacts, including labor leaders. Among those who arrived to confer were Governor Lawrence, Mayor Daley, National Committeeman Carmine De Sapio of New York, Governor Michael DiSalle of Ohio, Walter Reuther and Arthur Goldberg of the AFL-CIO, and Alex Rose of the Hatters Union, who was a spokesman for the Liberal Party of New York. DiSalle was for Symington but most of the others either favored Johnson or felt Kennedy had the right to make his own choice. Reuther was "not enthusiastic" about Johnson, recalling, as did some other labor representatives in the huddle, that as a representative he had voted for the Taft-Hartley Act.

'Soapy' Raises a Stink

Later, Governor G. Mennen Williams of Michigan showed up with an entourage and "raised a stink," as Robert Kennedy put it. One of his group termed the selection of Johnson a double cross of Williams, who had been an early backer of the Massachusetts senator for the Presidential nomination. Both he and Reuther had felt obliged to criticize Johnson in order to deliver the Michigan delegation to Kennedy. It was going to be ticklish for them to turn around and ask the delegation to support Johnson as Vice-Presidential nominee.

On arriving in Los Angeles seven days before the Presidential balloting, Williams had publicly announced that he wanted no part of Johnson on the ticket, in first or second place. He told a news conference Johnson would be "no help" in Michigan. The attack was not part of the Kennedy strategy in picking up delegate votes and Robert Kennedy was chosen to repudiate it. He gave an interview of his own, saying that in his opinion Johnson "would add a great deal in certain sections because of his high reputation and for the many things he has contributed to the Senate and the country." The statement, carried by the wire services on July 6, surely goes a long way toward refuting the "inside" stories that just a week later Robert Kennedy tried to sabotage his brother's decision to have Johnson on the ticket.

But Williams, joined by the small District of Columbia delegation and a few others, persisted in his opposition to Johnson and a floor fight was threatened. Kennedy felt obliged to let Johnson know about this development, and again he selected his brother Robert as his agent.

In Comes Bobby

The busy scene at the Kennedy headquarters was duplicated in the Johnson suite. The Senate majority leader was trying to convince his wife, who wanted him to stay in the Senate, that it was his duty to accept Kennedy's offer. Surrounded by excited aides, he was also placing calls here, there, and everywhere to consult friends and advisors, including former Vice-President Garner in Uvalde, Texas. Garner has been widely quoted as warning Johnson that the Vice-Presidency was "not worth a bucket of warm spit." But according to Johnson, Garner actually said that the Vice-President's role in extending recognition to senators in debate—or withholding it—was a potent power in government and that by denying immediate recognition to a senator a Vice-President could influence many a situation.

Rayburn had come in with his changed advice, and was twitted by Johnson for being "inconsistent." The Speaker replied that after talking with Kennedy, "I am a wiser man than I was last night when I told you not to take it." The late Senator Robert Kerr of Oklahoma, a Johnson lieutenant in the Senate, came storming in to bluster, "If you take Kennedy's offer I'm going to get my 30-30 and shoot you right between the eyes." Johnson sent him into a room with Rayburn, and Kerr presently reappeared to say, "If you *don't* take the Vice-Presidency I'm going to get my 30-30 and shoot you right between the eyes."

Representative Homer Thornberry of Texas, now a Federal district judge, was another caller at the Johnson suite that morning. He counseled against acceptance, then returned to his own hotel to shave.

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While looking in the mirror he asked himself, "What right have I got to tell him no?" He finished shaving and was back in the Johnson suite, like Rayburn, withdrawing his earlier negative counsel.

Thus all was ready in the Johnson suite for the final word from Kennedy as to when and how the public announcement would be made.

INSTEAD, in came Robert Kennedy with word that Governor Williams was opposed to Johnson's nomination and it looked as if there might be a floor fight.

"My job," the Attorney General told me, "was to let Johnson know that it might not be unanimous, that my brother felt an obligation to convey to him the likelihood of a floor fight so that he [Johnson] would have the option of refusing if he wished to avoid the embarrassment.

"I was to say who was opposed to him and why, and to say my brother would understand if he wanted to back out; that if this were the case, my brother wanted to offer him the chairmanship of the Democratic National Committee so that he would have an effective and controlling voice in the campaign."

Robert Kennedy's role as his brother's agent was clearly understood by Johnson. "I always interpreted his reports of opposition as an advisory warning that my nomination might have difficulty and that I was not to be embarrassed if there were a floor fight," Johnson told me. "But some of my people thought Bobby was bringing the reports because he personally did not approve of my being on the ticket. When he said Reuther and Williams were opposed and it would not be unanimous, I replied that nothing ever was and that I was waiting for the Presidential nominee to announce he wanted me. I said I would not expect unanimity, that there was not unanimity for his nomination as President the night before."

It was clear that Johnson wanted to deal directly with the Presidential nominee, not with an agent. He was waiting for a telephone call from John F. Kennedy.

At about this point, Philip L. Graham, the late publisher of the Washington *Post and Times Herald* and a personal friend of both Kennedy and Johnson, entered the Johnson suite and found its occupants a little edgy. Johnson, who had been up until 3 A.M. and had gotten little sleep before Kennedy called him in the early morning, was lying on a bed, making telephone calls.

As Johnson remembers the conversation: "Graham asked if Robert had been in. We told him yes. He said Mr. Kennedy had told him that he wanted me for his running mate. Lady Bird interrupted to say she did not want me to take it. Phil said he thought I should. I told him that Kennedy had said he would call

at 3 P.M. and he had not done so, and that maybe the situation had solved itself, with someone else selected. Phil went to see the senator and then came back and said that Mr. Kennedy had tried three times to get me by phone, but my lines were busy. Phil asked me to leave one line open and the Presidential nominee would call.

"Two minutes later Mr. Kennedy called and read the statement he had written announcing my selection and said, 'I want you to take it.' I said I would accept under the conditions of his statement. I walked to the living room and by then—shortly after 4 P.M.—he was on the television screen reading his statement. I listened to it, walked out in the corridor and told the press I would accept the Vice-Presidential nomination."

The Kennedys All Agreed

The negotiations between the Kennedys and Johnson and his aides have given rise to a number of legends and, according to the recollection of the principals now living, to downright inaccurate reporting.

At the time of the Los Angeles convention, Johnson flatly denied a report that he himself had initiated the negotiations. At a news conference Kennedy made it quite clear that it had been his idea in the first place; he described as "wholly untrue" a published report that Johnson had told him he would fight for the Vice-Presidential nomination whether or not it was offered to him.

A report recently given currency in a syndicated column by Charles Bartlett, a long-time friend of the Kennedys, has it that arrangements for a Kennedy-Johnson ticket were "set through intermediaries" whom he does not name. Bartlett, claiming to have been privy to the late President's thinking at the time, wrote that Kennedy had decided several days before his own nomination to pick Senator Symington as his running mate, but was counseled to make a "gesture" of offering Johnson second place in order to gain his good will. According to Bartlett, Kennedy had been advised that Johnson would never take second place, but that an offer would "render him more conciliatory in subsequent dealings." The Kennedys, Bartlett now maintains, were "shocked" when Johnson "seized the offer and held fast to it. . . ."

Both Robert and Edward Kennedy, as well as O'Brien and O'Donnell, assert that this version is in error; they are all in agreement that although John F. Kennedy may have told Bartlett that he did not expect to find Johnson receptive to an offer, the rest of the account does not sort at all with their recollections. If the late President recorded his thoughts on the subject, they presumably are embedded in archives that will not soon see the light of day.

Symington had conducted a rather quiet campaign for the Presidential nomination, while Johnson was lashing with everything he found handy. Kennedy, a tough competitor him-

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self, had decided he could use another on his team. Symington, Jackson, and Freeman were informed of that decision as soon as Johnson had accepted the Kennedy offer. And it may be significant that it was Jackson who got the party chairmanship.

O'Donnell told me that while reminiscing about the events two years after the convention, Kennedy recalled that some of his staff had favored Symington and others Jackson. He quoted the late President as saying: "You've got to admit that I was right. We couldn't have carried the South without Johnson. Symington and Jackson could not have added anything to the ticket."

As Robert Kennedy remembers it, the talk of Symington, Jackson, and Freeman had been only of a "desultory" nature until the moment of decision actually arrived. He did not put it in so many words, but I got the impression that the Kennedy forces, trying to pick up all the delegate votes they could, had not discouraged speculation about anyone as running mate.

THE ATTORNEY GENERAL told me that Johnson's acceptance of the Kennedy offer came as a "shock" to practically the entire Kennedy camp because it always had been taken for granted that he would be loath to give up the powerful position he held as majority leader to serve under a young man who had only recently been just one of his flock.

"I think it also was taken for granted by virtually everyone that if he were interested he would be the choice," Robert Kennedy said. "My brother thought highly of Johnson's ability. But it seemed inconceivable to any of us that he would accept. That night, however, we had to come to some decision. Johnson's name came up. Someone suggested that he might be interested and the possibility ought to be explored. My brother decided to do so, especially after talking to my father."

His own role thereafter, the Attorney General said, was that of agent and nothing more. It was "unthinkable," he said, that he would have undertaken to sabotage his brother's decision. "I was not operating independently. I was Senator Kennedy's agent. And no one knew that better than I. It was unimportant whether or not I concurred in his opinion. My brother was definitely happy to have him on the ticket. That was enough for any of us."

Edward Kennedy also scoffs at reports that his brother Robert or anyone else tried to block the Johnson nomination once the negotiations had been started. He told me that he, Robert, and their father all agreed that Johnson was best for the ticket after hearing the arguments presented by the candidate.

The 'Ayes' Have It!

At his televised news conference on July 14, 1960, John F. Kennedy said he had concluded that the convention sould nominate Johnson "After discussions with all elements of the

Democratic party leadership." He noted that Johnson's "long experience" dated back to the Roosevelt administrations and that the Texan had four times been unanimously chosen leader of the Senate Democrats. This, he said, constituted an "endorsement" of Johnson's "vigorous and positive leadership" by all fifty states.

"I have said many times," he continued, "that in these days of great challenge, America must have a Vice-President capable of dealing with the grave problems confronting this nation and the free world. We need men of strength if we are to be strong and if we are to prevail and lead the world on the road of freedom. Lyndon Johnson has demonstrated on many occasions his brilliant qualifications for the leadership we require today."

A few minutes later, Johnson arrived at the Kennedy suite, where he found the candidate sitting on the window ledge, looking out over the city of Los Angeles. As O'Brien recalls the scene, Johnson told Kennedy that in taking the Vice-Presidential nomination he was making a "total commitment" to take orders and direction and "be part of a team."

According to O'Brien, Johnson made good on this "total commitment" during the campaign, accepting cheerfully every chore—"no matter how dreary or arduous"—that he was asked to undertake. "I think that this had much to do with the smoothness of the transition after President Kennedy's assassination," O'Brien said. "They were two decidedly different individuals, but both were fighters. Their association in the campaign and thereafter developed mutual respect and admiration and drew Johnson fully into the policymaking of the Kennedy administration."

THERE WAS still, of course, the embarrassing possibility of a floor fight to be considered. Both Reuther and Williams set to work with a will to persuade reluctant Michigan delegates that it was all for the best, and a face-saving strategy was arranged. Representative John McCormack of Massachusetts, now the Speaker, was placed backstage and by prearrangement with Governor LeRoy Collins of Florida, the convention chairman, came out to the podium after the call of the states had began; before Michigan was reached, he moved that Johnson be nominated by acclamation. This procedure requires a two-thirds vote.

Governor Collins thereupon ended the roll call and called for "ayes" and "nays." He decided that the former outnumbered a few scattered negatives by the required margin and declared Johnson the convention's choice for Vice-President.

Thus the Democratic ticket was put together, according to the wishes and the plan of John F. Kennedy and with the full co-operation of everyone on his staff. Probably no other combination could have won for the Democrats in 1960.

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The Catastrophic Non-War in Laos

DENIS WARNER

To North Vietnam's Ho Chi Minh, who celebrated both his seventy-fourth birthday and the capture of the Plain of Jars on May 19, the struggle for Laos and Vietnam has always been one and indivisible. He has never troubled to conceal this. When he created the Communist Party of Indo-China in 1930, he rejected the suggestion that it should be simply an Annamite party, as advocated by a group of Vietnamese exiles in Hong Kong, and insisted that it should embrace not only Tonkin, Annam, and Cochin China, the three component states of Vietnam, but also Laos and Cambodia.

One of his first acts after seizing power in Hanoi in 1945 was to send his convert Prince Souphanouvong of Laos, whose Vietnamese wife worked as Ho's secretary, and ten of his officers to Vientiane to lead the resistance against the French in Laos. Though Ho dissolved the Communist Party of Indo-China in 1946, he maintained the links with Laos through the National United Front of Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia. And the membership of the subsequently re-created Laodong Party included such key Laotian figures as Kaysone Phomvihan and Nouhak Phoumsavan, both of whom accompanied Souphanouvong to Vientiane in 1945 and founded the Communist-led Laotian insurgent force, the Pathet Lao, in 1950. From the outset, the controlling authority of the Vietminh was clearly set out and understood. "The Vietminh reserves the right to supervise the activities of its brother parties in Cambodia and Laos," said a Vietminh document dated November, 1951, which the French captured during the Indo-China war.

Subversion in South Vietnam and Laos after the Geneva Agreement in 1954 followed identical patterns, and the decision to move into a state of insurgency affected both countries simultaneously. Samneua Province was the scene of the first serious Pathet Lao challenge in late August and early September, 1959; the war in South Vietnam began on September 26 of the same year with a big Vietcong ambush in the Plain of Rushes.

Every western capital has been aware of this background. Britain as early as 1959 went to considerable pains to document Vietminh domination of the Pathet Lao in a detailed paper that had widespread official and private circulation. France, with perhaps the best intelligence net in Laos, confirmed it all. Yet it was largely due to the pressure from these two powers that SEATO refused to intervene in Laos in 1961 and the United States eventually settled for the 1962 Geneva Agreement as the best way out.

It was, as events since have so grimly shown, only a way into a dilemma in which the choices for the United States more and more ominously seem to be restricted to humiliating defeat or a general war in Southeast Asia, which it might not be possible to win with conventional weapons. In the week following the collapse of General Kong Lae's neutralist Laotian forces on the Plain of Jars last month, Britain made urgent representations to Peking to persuade the Pathet Lao to desist. Peking's price was the convening of another fourteen-power Geneva Conference to consider not only Laos but also Cambodia and South Vietnam. It also repeated the threat that if the United States wanted to "internationalize" the war in South Vietnam, it would "suffer still heavier defeat than in South Korea." Moscow, which cannot afford to appear nonrevolutionary in such a situation and still lay claim to Communist leadership in underdeveloped areas, was no more helpful, while Paris predictably called again for the neutralization of all Southeast Asia.

Although the United States would like to see Southeast Asia achieve genuine neutrality and independence, the 1962 experiment in Laotian neutrality has ended all hope that such a solution can be manufactured from near defeat or that Southeast Asian Communists, whether they call themselves Vietminh, Vietcong, or Pathet Lao, can be persuaded to set aside their military successes in the common weal.

And little remains in Laos on which to build. Kong Lae's neutralist troops have been shattered by defeats and defections on the Plain of Jars. Their more numerous right-wing allies are even less reliable. Though General Phoumi Nosavan's fifty-five-thousand-man army has consumed the lion's share of more than $500 million in U.S. aid since 1955 and two-thirds of the national budg-

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et, it never won a major battle or really fought one. The country could not afford the army, and Phoumi could not control the country with it.

To the Rear, March!

Nearly five years ago in northern Laos I watched scattered groups of Royal Lao soldiers in soiled green uniforms straggle past Samneua's mud-and-thatch cottages and the whitewashed Catholic mission

church, fleeing from an enemy almost no one had seen but which, all agreed, followed close behind. No real contact was ever made, on the war maps at headquarters or in the field, but today Samneua is the main Pathet Lao base.

Ever since, the cry "Vietminh!" has been enough to send the Royal Lao Army in precipitate and panic-stricken retreat even if no Vietminh troops are actually involved. "Vietminh!" was the cry at Nam Tha, close to the Chinese and Burmese borders, in May, 1962, when Phoumi believed that he urgently needed a victory to prevent the United States from agreeing to the neutralization of Laos at the Geneva Conference. Phoumi had eight battalions in Nam Tha. The Pathet Lao assembled five for the attack. With the first shells, Phoumi's men ran so fast that they did not bother even to block the road south to the Thai border, though one battalion could have held out for weeks.

The many reverses early this year maintained the standard. With the breakdown of all pretense at coalition government a year ago, the working military alliance between the neutralists and the Pathet Lao also came to an end. The Pathet Lao progressively expelled the neutralist forces from towns they had jointly occupied in and around the Plain of Jars. They also pushed the neutralists out of their joint occupancy of towns in the narrow waist of central Laos.

Cut off from the Soviet supplies that had been distributed to them through the Pathet Lao during the time of attempted co-operation, the neutralists found themselves without ammunition. One battalion surrendered to the Pathet Lao, and there were other serious defections before General Kong Lae could arrange to tap Phoumi's right-wing supply line. As soon as he was resupplied, Kong Lae pleaded for the chance to take the offensive against the Pathet Lao on the Plain of Jars. He was restrained by Prince Souvanna Phouma, who was both premier and leader of the neutralist faction.

Phoumi, lacking any such restraint, acted with a much freer hand in central Laos, and beginning in November started to recover some of the ground lost by the neutralists. All went well until he took the village of Lak Sao, a road junction of importance to the Pathet Lao and to the Vietminh, not far from the border of North Vietnam.

This was going too far, and on January 31 the Pathet Lao attacked and defeated the combined neutralist and right-wing forces. Once again the cry was "Vietminh!" And once again the rightists and the neutralists ran, all thirteen battalions of them.

As usual, it was not much of a battle. Phoumi's men suffered no more than a hundred casualties. In the military hospital at Thakhek, where the wounded were taken, only one man had gunshot wounds; the rest had all been hit by artillery fragments. By the time their run had ended, the rightist-neutralist alliance had surrendered all of central Laos except a corridor no more than fifteen to eighteen miles wide. From their new heights, the Pathet Lao looked down on the Mekong and Thailand beyond.

The Snake God's Strategy

Newcomers to Laos often wonder why it is that the Pathet Lao should appear to be so effective and its opponents so cowardly and why to almost all Laotians the Vietminh seem ten feet tall. One more or less realistic consideration lies in the fact that all Laotians recall the Vietminh victory over the French. But the rest of the explanation might seem to belong to Grimms' fairy tales. Conventional western standards simply cannot be applied in a situation where astrology and the supernatural are among the most important factors governing people's lives, the most critical decisions of a general staff, and the personal reactions of every soldier.

The calendar provides one insight into Laotian attitudes. It is based on the revolution of the sun on the ecliptic circle around the earth. In making the complicated mathematical calculations on which their calendar is based, the Laotians assume that the sun and moon and the planets all move in an anti-clockwise direction, which brings them into conflict with the clockwise movement of their mortal enemies: Rahu (ascending node), the immortal and dismembered head of a dragon; and Ketu (descending node), which is personified as the tail of the dragon. From time to time the dragon attempts to devour the sun and the moon. On these occasions an eclipse alerts the Laotians and they come to the rescue of the sun or the moon with firecrackers and gongs to frighten the dragon away.

On each revolution around Mount Meru, which the Laotians consider the rotation center of all the stars,

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the sun always describes the same circumference, and thus its position can be established from the zodiac. In the same way, the position of all heavenly bodies can also be worked out in advance, thus facilitating the production of calendars that list not only dates and holidays but also predictions based on the influence of the stars in accord with their position in the celestial sphere and the distances that separate the planets. The idea of a commanding general solemnly consulting the stars before deciding on a plan of action may seem absurd: to the Laotian it would be as sensible to ignore the stars as it would be to upset the omnipresent *phi,* or spirits, that guard the fields and forests and are present in a multiplicity of forms in both the material and the nonmaterial universe.

Once on the Plain of Jars, General Kong Lae himself found military necessity in immediate conflict with the need to propitiate an especially powerful *phi* that resided in a river. To maneuver his fifty precious tanks, the general should have built a bridge across the river. But to have built the bridge would have risked angering the *phi.* Kong Lae did not build the bridge.

One *phi,* the Snake God of the Mekong, has taken possession of a woman who lives in a village outside Thakhek. She is widely known and feared for her power to work magic. Last year, soon after the brief Geneva-inspired peace had been broken, one of Phoumi's officers asked her which side would win the war. "Not your side," she replied, a prediction that gained wide currency at the time and was revived in January just before the Pathet Lao offensive in central Laos, when the Snake God of the Mekong called a meeting of all lesser demons. After it was over another soldier queried the Snake God about the state of the war. "It is too dangerous to ask," the demon replied.

Enemy artillery, to every neutralist and Royal Laotian soldier, means not the Pathet Lao but the Vietminh; and since the Vietminh beat the French, they are clearly supported by the strongest of all the *phi.* Against this sort of opposition, it is pointless to fight and far better to run, a conclusion that always seems to be in accord with the best astrological advice. This habitual course of action, prudent though it may be, has nevertheless whittled away the rightist-neutralist areas and contributed markedly to the difficulties of the Vientiane government.

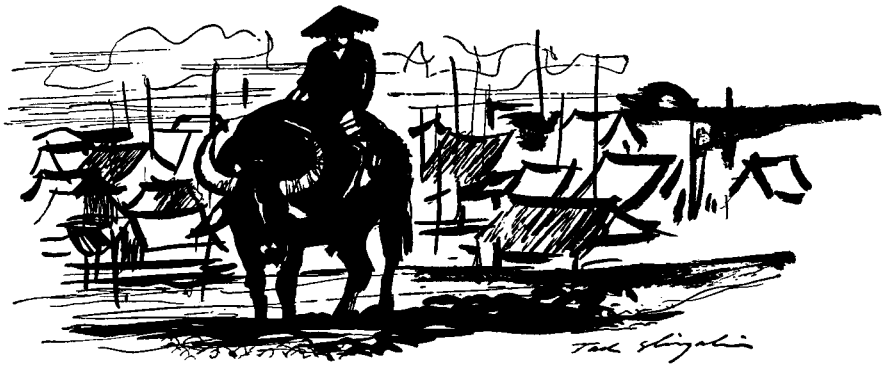
Siho's Coup

Not surprisingly, the infectious talk of a *coup d'état,* so strong in South Vietnam and Thailand, spread to Laos. One group centered around the Sananikone brothers, a family of rich Vientiane merchants who played a major role in right-wing affairs until they were eclipsed by General Phoumi Nosavan. Phoui Sananikone, the elder brother, was premier until Phoumi pushed him out, and the family nursed their grudge.

Coup plans were well advanced and much money had already changed hands to buy the loyalties of senior army officers when General Siho Lamphouthacoul, Phoumi's ambitious twenty-nine-year-old security chief, got wind of it all. He decided to pre-empt the coup, using funds from the Casino de Vientiane, a lucrative gambling den that Phoumi had opened as a help in meeting the cost of running the army and to buy off already bribed senior officers. He chose as his principal lieutenant General Kouprasith Abhay, the Vientiane area commander, who was doubly valuable because his mother was a Sananikone. As justification for the coup, Siho cited the acquiescence of Souvanna Phouma and Phoumi Nosavan in agreeing to the abortive Pathet Lao proposal to neutralize the royal capital of Luang Prabang.

What Siho's coup on April 19 lacked in surprise it made up for in western dismay. Not since Prince Souphanouvong and his fellow Communists withdrew from active participation in the government more than a year ago has anyone seriously pretended that the coalition government was working out. Until the coup, however, it could be argued that Laos was not much more lost than it had been at the time of the 1962 Geneva Agreement, and that in any event it was still the wrong place to fight a war. Since neutralism did not work, the situation that prevailed was the next best thing.

By refusing to recognize the military junta and by putting pressure on the king, the western embassies, fully supported by the Russians, tried to put their Humpty Dumpty together again. Their efforts were partly successful at first. As a symbol of the government of national union, Souvanna Phouma, after a period of house arrest, remained as premier. Phoumi stayed in office as finance minister but lost all his power when the vengeful junta closed down the casino, deported Meng Oui, Phoumi's Chinese financier, and removed his friends and relatives from office. Phoumi's role now is little more than that of liaison officer between the rightists who deposed him and Souvanna Phouma.



'Songs and Laughter'

The Pathet Lao reacted to the coup with predictable hostility. This was not mollified when Phoumi announced the merger of his rightist forces with the neutralists under Souvanna Phouma. A meeting between Souvanna Phouma and Souphanouvong at Khang Khay on May 4 broke down and the Pathet Lao stepped up its military efforts with widespread, well co-ordinated attacks. Mass defections from the ranks of the neutralists, many of whom were

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no better pleased than the Pathet Lao by the merger, led to the rout of Kong Lae's troops and the fall of the Plain of Jars.

If Souvanna Phouma was slow in the past to appreciate what lay behind the Pathet Lao tactics, he had no illusions left now. At a press conference in Vientiane he produced identification cards and other documentary evidence of Vietminh participation in the actions on the Plain of Jars. The Pathet Lao, he now says, is only a show window for the Neo Lao Hak Xat Party, which is controlled by North Vietnam and Communist China.

It had always been Souvanna's hope that if only North and South Vietnam could be reunited, the Vietminh would no longer need the Ho Chi Minh Trail as a supply route through Laos and would leave his country alone. "I was glad to hear General de Gaulle's declaration on the reunification of Vietnam," he told *Le Monde* last September. "Once Vietnam is reunified there will be no more reason to use our country as a transit area. I am sure that if Laotians were left to themselves, all would end in songs and laughter."

While the Chinese Communists were busy on a fifty-mile road in Phong Saly province in northern Laos, the Vietminh built a new road inside the Laotian border to facilitate the movement of men and materials closer to the mountain and jungle wilderness of the Ho Chi Minh Trail. Souvanna has come to understand that the situations in Laos and South Vietnam are closely related. But they always have been, and there is no evidence at present that the Ho Chi Minh Trail is more than a secondary supply route for the Vietcong.

MEANWHILE, Hanoi has a further reason for its concern over Laos: the Vietminh could not afford to expose itself to an underbelly attack from Laos if the war in South Vietnam was enlarged. Normal military prudence requires that it be able to seize Laos in a hurry.

The wet season traditionally brings campaigning to a close in Laos. It serves impartially to interrupt communications on both sides. The probability is, therefore, that for several months the military situation will be more or less "stabilized" along present lines. If this is less disastrous than a total Pathet Lao take-over, it is nevertheless extremely serious. The Pathet Lao has achieved most of its immediate military objectives. It has broken up tribal groups that continued to favor right-wing and neutralist factions around Muong Sai in northern Laos. It has effectively destroyed road links between Vientiane and Luang Prabang. It has broken the line of communications south from Vientiane along the Mekong River and cut the line of retreat from the Plain of Jars south through Tha Thom and Paksane. Finally, it has the Plain of Jars, which was not merely the neutralists' main military base but the basis of

their claim to an identity separate from the right wing. Kong Lae's flag on the plain preserved the fiction that there were three separate and distinct factions representing Right, Left, and Center. With the fall of the plain and the nominal military merger in Vientiane, even the fiction has been abandoned. For all practical military and political purposes, the neutralists have ceased to exist as a separate, balancing force. Souvanna Phouma has little but his own far from forceful personality to rely on for the struggle ahead.

The right wing has also splintered. General Siho, with the co-operation of some of the Sananikones, has Vientiane. Prince Boun Oum, picking up some of Phoumi's lost power, has the loyalty of several right-wing generals outside Vientiane. The main branch of the Sananikone family is yet another faction, with links to both Siho and Boun Oum. And finally, for what he is worth, there is Phoumi himself, a man of considerable character, un-Laotian energy, and many enemies.

Not even a miracle could straighten out this mess. There is no hope that when the monsoons end, Kong Lae will march back to the Plain of Jars. It is unreasonable to expect that there will be any changes for the better, or that any amount of local negotiation or pressure will bring the Pathet Lao and its backers to heel. The crux of the issue for the United States and its SEATO allies is that the 1962 Geneva Agreement has been openly and consistently violated, that North Vietnam has all but turned Laos into a subject state, demonstrably endangering Thailand and aggravating the situation in South Vietnam and Cambodia.

IS THE ANSWER, then, to fight for Laos even at this late stage? Leaving aside political considerations and the lack of like-mindedness among SEATO members, the dismal military facts of this situation are that the conventional aid now available to fight in Laos would prove no match, at least in the vital initial stages, for what the Pathet Lao and the Vietminh could throw into the field. Even before the latest reverses, western military estimates in Vientiane were that the Pathet Lao, backed by the Vietminh, could take all of Laos in less than a week. The alternative to losing all of Laos in a quick war would be to make it a much bigger war, to carry it to North Vietnam and to risk China's intervention through its new network of roads not only in Loas but right into Thailand.

"Political power grows out of the barrel of the gun," Mao Tse-tung declared years ago. Given the overwhelming advantages that the Pathet Lao has openly obtained under cover of the Geneva Agreement, North Vietnam, China, and the Soviet Union believe that the United States, with pressure from France and Cambodia and little more than token assistance from its allies, will go again to the conference table to discuss the "neutralization"—not only of Laos but of all of Indo-China.

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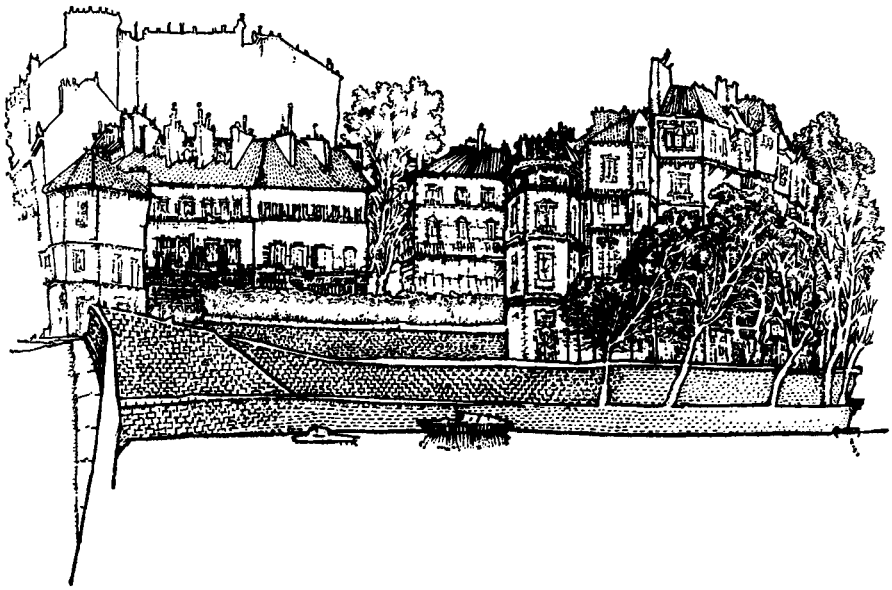

De Gaulle at Trier: The Oracle Speaks

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

IT IS ODD that General de Gaulle's speech at Trier last month inaugurating the new Moselle waterway—his first public utterance since his operation and the only one specially concerned with foreign policy since his January 31 press conference—has not attracted more notice abroad. True, his remarks were brief and the themes familiar. Yet there were some enlightening nuances and new formulations; and above all, there was the setting and the circumstances. In trying to discern General de Gaulle's policy intentions, it is important to analyze the text of his official statements, but still more their context.

The context at Trier had personal as well as ceremonial and historical implications. All-day inaugurations of large public works are strenuous affairs, especially when they involve international protocol, and this one emphatically did: three nations—France, West Germany, and Luxembourg—had co-operated in the vast engineering project to render the winding Moselle navigable all the way to the French steel center of Thionville, some 160 miles from the Rhine. The general accordingly shared official honors with Grand Duchess Charlotte of Luxembourg and President Heinrich Lübke of the German Federal Republic. It must have made an exhausting day even for such an indomitable convalescent as de Gaulle, who on doctors' orders was supposed to be resting at his country home.

General de Gaulle's first full-scale reappearance on the public stage since he entered the hospital in April to undergo prostate surgery was not so much a triumph of will over fatigue as an example of how his long-term planning can schedule even private infirmity to conform with political objectives. Last winter, before consenting to be an invalid, de Gaulle had already worked out a strategy for his operation and convalescence. The medical details were left to the doctors, but he himself had laid down the time limits within which both they and nature must complete their assigned mission. The doctors were to leave him on his feet until after the visit to Mexico in March and see that he was back on them again in time for the opening of the Moselle project on May 26. Nature and medicine met the deadline—with some help from the patient. Evidently de Gaulle thought it worth the effort.

The Symbolism of Moselle

It was not to annex the deepened and canalized Moselle as a Gaullist tributary that President de Gaulle had timed his operation and interrupted his convalescence; it was to dramatize the project as the symbol of Franco-German reconciliation and to offer it as a working model of what he considers the right approach to European unity.

History, the general affirmed near the end of his relatively short speech, will look back on the "extraordinary *transformation*" of Franco-German relations during the last two decades as "one of the main events in the story of mankind." As a result of this transformation, de Gaulle explained, the French and German peoples have not only put aside their traditional hostility, not only sat side by side in various international organizations "like the Atlantic Alliance, which is aimed to promote security, or the European Common Market, intended to further economic progress," but have decided to establish between themselves "special and permanent co-operation with a view to common action in all fields."

The French president clearly does not agree with those American or European observers, journalistic and official, who have recently been asserting that the treaty of co-operation between France and Germany, which de Gaulle signed with his old friend Konrad Adenauer, is all but a dead letter. The importance de Gaulle attached to last month's ceremony at Trier, the plain intent of his own address, and other recent evidence all indicate that de Gaulle still believes the Franco-German partnership is the cornerstone of the new Europe.

WHETHER de Gaulle is deceiving himself remains to be seen. Judging by both the enthusiasm of the German crowds he encountered during his trip down the Moselle—reminiscent of his triumphal German tour in 1962—and the favorable reaction of the German press to his Trier speech, his hopes may not be entirely unrealistic. If the de Gaulle magic still seems to be working when the general pays another official visit

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to Bonn next month, certain Gaullist sources here believe that he may offer some spectacular new proposal for economic and political collaboration, either in the European or the purely Franco-German framework.

All this does not mean that de Gaulle has succeeded in establishing the kind of relationship with Chancellor Ludwig Erhard that he had with Adenauer, or that there is total agreement on major policy issues with even the most ardent German champions of the special-partnership concept. The general's Trier address indicated both a real desire to allay German doubts about certain of his policies and a stubborn refusal to budge on other points. It had been reported in diplomatic circles here that Erhard, for electoral reasons, had requested de Gaulle to make some strong public reaffirmation of his loyalty to NATO and to the cause of European unity. Other Germans with whom the French are in regular contact have voiced concern over what they view as an almost neutralist trend in Gaullist foreign policy.

The somewhat offhand mention of the Western Alliance as an international organization for security in de Gaulle's Trier speech was intended to satisfy Erhard's request. The context almost made it sound as if de Gaulle regards NATO as a by-product of Franco-German co-operation, but at least he implicitly endorsed the concept of a western security organization, not merely an alliance, as in most of his previous statements.

A Table of Priorities

De Gaulle was far more explicit in spiking the rumors—sometimes inspired by ambiguities in his own earlier utterances—that his ultimate policy goal is some kind of European third force. Without repudiating his dream of a pacified and reunited Europe stretching "from the Atlantic to the Urals," he unequivocally subordinated it to the interests of the Europe where his heart really lies—Western Europe. By the order in which he listed the benefits he hopes will flow from the developing co-operation between "Gauls and Germans," the general furnished what appears to be the most precise indication he has ever given of the basic table of priorities for diverse foreign-policy objectives.

First come those serving the interests of the French and German peoples. Next, those furthering the welfare of Western Europe. Third, those eventually benefiting the whole Continent. Fourth, those for the free world. Fifth, those aiding all those countries which need outside help for their development.

It is noteworthy that the Atlantic

Community, which many Americans like to think of as a broader if looser category including the European Community, does not seem to figure at all on de Gaulle's list of beneficiaries of the developing Franco-German partnership. The apparent anomaly is explained by the Gaullist newspaper *La Nation* as arising from the distinction de Gaulle draws between the Western Alliance and the Atlantic Community. He basically accepts the Alliance—even though he wants to see its present organization modified. He rejects the very concept of an Atlantic Community, says *La Nation,* because its only *raison d'être* would be economic and absorption into it would "signify the ruin of most European industry and agriculture."

De Gaulle's attitude toward Western European unity likewise remains ambivalent in some respects, but its contradictions are of a different nature. In his Trier speech de Gaulle did not mention the suggestion offered a few days earlier by Erhard for modestly relaunching de Gaulle's own pet project for a European political union. Erhard had proposed as a starter that the heads of government in the six Common Market nations take the places of their foreign ministers at the sessions of the Common Market Council in Brussels, thus automatically giving it political significance.

Despite the French reluctance, some German press and diplomatic circles believe that when de Gaulle meets the chancellor in Bonn on July 3 and 4, he may finally rally to the Brussels formula or come up with some counterproposal such as for a European political council that at least takes the Common Market into account, like one said to have been put forward by a Gaullist spokesman at a joint meeting of French Gaullist and German Christian Democratic parliamentarians at La Celle-Saint Cloud near Paris on May 30.

De Gaulle's reason for not welcoming Erhard's proposal was hinted at in the Trier speech and spelled out later by the Gaullist press. De Gaulle regards the whole Common Market organizational structure, even at the ministerial level, as a specialized supranational agency for the implementation of policy decisions already agreed upon by the member governments through other channels. Instead of increasing the authority of the Brussels Commission, the French government hopes to reduce it.

YET DE GAULLE undoubtedly remains committed to the goal of European unity. His presence at the Moselle ceremonies demonstrated

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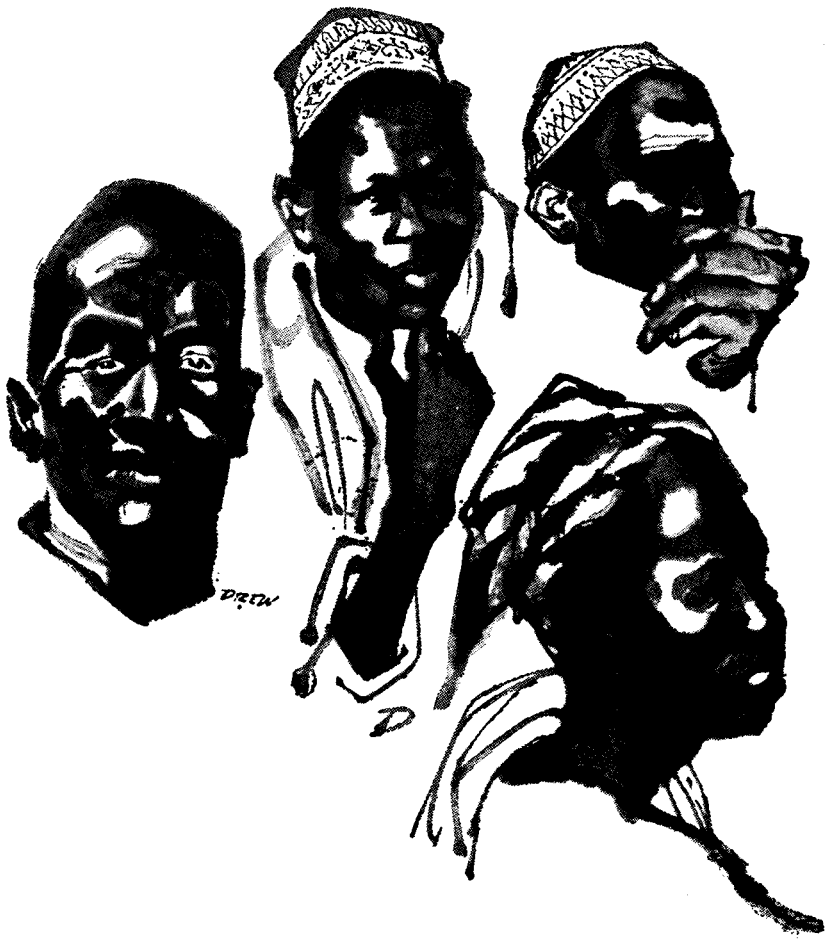
that. In the Trier address, he clearly had in mind the need for political decisions to take new steps on the road to unity. The Moselle project, which once aroused fierce hostility among vested interests in all three nations concerned, would never have been realized, de Gaulle pointed out, if there had not been a common will among the three governments to push it through for reasons of high policy.

De Gaulle did not provide a formula for maintaining the spirit of co-operation and Europe's belief in its future until the governments can agree on permanent machinery to express their common political will. The formula, however, seems implicit in the context of his speech: that Europe's political chiefs should put aside federation or confederation and seek to generate renewed enthusiasm for the European ideal by agreeing to co-operate in a series of specific projects for human betterment—in Europe itself and in the less developed areas of the world—sufficiently vast, bold, and spectacular to fire the imagination of the masses. It would not be surprising if de Gaulle were to propose some concrete suggestions of this sort before long.

The united Western Europe de Gaulle is trying to build, his supporters say, undoubtedly includes Portugal and particularly Spain, which Foreign Minister Maurice Couve de Murville visited at the end of the month to launch a long-term program of military, economic, and political co-operation. It is interesting that at a press conference in Madrid, the diplomat dismissed the question of Spain's entrance into NATO with the casual comment that NATO was somewhat *"démodé,"* although he implied support of Spain's eventual candidacy for the Common Market.

Political developments may force de Gaulle to concentrate on the home front for a while, but they are unlikely to deflect him from ultimately accomplishing what he regards as his European mission. Though de Gaulle's methods sometimes baffle or even appall his fellow workers, there can no longer be any doubt that he hopes to go down in history not only as the savior of France but as one of Europe's master builders.



Can the Congo Go It Alone?

CLAIRE STERLING

LEOPOLDVILLE

ON JUNE 30, the United Nations is scheduled to withdraw the last of its troops from the Congo. The decision is apparently final. After spending four years and over three hundred million dollars in this country, the U.N. is simply not prepared to keep its troops on any longer, and the Congolese government can hardly wait for them to go. But when the decision was made last December, there was only one armed revolt here. Now there are three. If the troops leave on schedule, the Congo might very well wind up where it was when the first U.N. contingent arrived in 1960.

It is possible that the Congolese National Army (ANC) can cope with three revolts at a time without outside help. Anything is possible in the Congo. But two were supposed to be the limit when the U.N. was making plans to leave; and though it was considered disloyal to say so here in Léopoldville, the ANC wasn't doing at all well with just one.

Until the outbreak in Kwilu Province last fall, the Congolese Army had not really had a chance to show what it could do. It had certainly improved since the summer of 1960, when a mob of mutinous soldiers threw the new-born Congolese Republic into what became a permanent state of confusion. But there was no way of knowing how *much* it had improved. With U.N. troops available for any serious emergency —Katanga, for instance—the ANC could only try its strength in small local actions; and even in Katanga, where it attempted to take on something bigger, conditions did not make for a fair test. After ending

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the Katanga secession in January, 1963, the U.N. refused flatly to let the ANC's commander-in-chief, General Joseph Mobuto, send any national troops to the Katangese capital of Elisabethville. Mobutu then smuggled in a company of paracommandos by dressing them in civilian clothes and shipping them on a commercial airline. The U.N. thereupon forbade the commandos to do anything at all. Nobody was very surprised when they broke out of confinement for a spree of looting and rape.

By last November, however, the U.N.'s relations with the Congolese had deteriorated to a point where the central government was no longer willing to use U.N. troops for practically any purpose. Neither, to put it mildly, was the Congolese commander-in-chief. Accordingly, the Kwilu uprising was General Mobutu's problem from the start. While he has declared it solved many times over during these past seven months, it demonstrably is not.

THE KWILU uprising did not seem very important in its earliest stages, when it had the look of a limited ethnic affair. Only two of Kwilu's five major tribes were involved: the Bapende and Babunde, with 500,000 of the province's 1,470,000 people. The other tribes—the Bambala, Bayanzi, and Baboma—could supposedly be counted on to be loyal, since they all loathed the two rebel tribes. (Last February, for instance, the Baboma ate five Babunde, and the Babunde retaliated by killing three hundred Baboma.)

Nevertheless, there were plenty of signs that Pierre Mulele's revolt in Kwilu was something new. The Congolese leaders did not realize then (though some do now) that this was the beginning of a movement that, if unchecked, might end with half the Congo under Red China's domination. Yet it was at least evident that for the first time since 1960, the government was up against a rebel leader who knew Mao Tse-tung's eight rules of guerrilla warfare by heart and had been carefully trained to apply them.

Unlike most of the Congolese and other Africans who have visited Peking, Mulele did not go as a political tourist. He had been a Communist since 1959, when he met the celebrated Madame Blouin, a onetime Cominform agent, in Guinea. He had brought Madame Blouin back to the Congo in 1960 to work on Patrice Lumumba and Antoine Gizenga, who after Lumumba's fall set up the secessionist Stanleyville government and, with Soviet money and arms, ruled the eastern half of the Congo for over a year. Mulele had served as Gizenga's ambassador at Cairo, where $4 million in gold and a substantial cache of arms were in safekeeping for the Gizengist forces. After Gizenga fell, Mulele went on to Peking and studied the theory of modern guerrilla warfare at its fountainhead for a year and a half. When he returned to the Congo last July, he carried with him a signed agreement committing Red China to support his movement with funds and weapons.

Though all this was known in Léopoldville, Mulele was allowed to re-enter the country with a permit signed by the president of the chamber of deputies. He was left undisturbed to recruit and train his Jeunesse bands. He was even left undisturbed, in effect, to use his Jeunesse for a series of military attacks over a period of nearly three months. It was not until January 11 that the first national troops were sent to Kwilu to replace the local police. By then, most of the police in the area had either deserted to the rebels or run away; anywhere from five thousand to ten thousand young Bapende and Babunde had joined up with the Jeunesse; scores of villages had been razed; thousands of villagers had taken to the bush; bridges giving access to rebel territory were down; roads had been dug up to block the passage of vehicles; and Mulele controlled an area the size of New England in eastern Kwilu, running in a triangle from Idiofa to Gungu to Kikwit, the provincial capital.

Mobutu Is Indisposed

It is worth noting that the first ANC troops were not dispatched by their commander-in-chief but by Defense Minister Jérome Anany. In a fit of pique—he had been wanting to overthrow Premier Cyrille Adoula all autumn and had been overruled by his closest associates—General Mobutu had vanished from Léopoldville on December 27. He could not be found until his return to the capital a month later.

Things did not improve much after the general came back. As time went by, he did send reinforcements to Kwilu, including the Third Commando Battalion—one of the only three reliable battalions out of the ANC's twenty-four—and he also sent one of his two best officers, Major Joseph Tshatshi, to direct operations. Thus strengthened, the ANC recaptured Kikwit, Idiofa, and Gungu, momentarily "containing" Mulele. But it did not venture beyond these towns into the wooded savanna from which the Jeunesse operate. After a pause for rest and planning, Mulele has therefore been able to open a fresh series of attacks on the three towns, where the embattled ANC troops—or those of them who have not fled—are sending out frantic appeals for help. Since Mulele's fanatical hemp-smoking followers are attacking mostly with spears and bows and arrows, the troops ought not to be so sorely pressed. But until very recently, Mobutu would not hear of letting the U.N. air-lift the ammunition the troops have been lacking for weeks; and while they are also desperately in need of transport, he has been unwilling to send his own trucks from Léopoldville for fear of weakening the paracommando battalion serving as his personal guard in the capital. Discouraged by these conditions, the trusted Major Tshatshi first asked for (and was granted) a week's leave in mid-campaign and then suddenly left Kwilu altogether, saying he was tired.

It is also worth noting that General Mobutu was again absent from Léopoldville for a month, just when things were coming to a head once more in Kwilu—this time on a lengthy visit to London and Brussels. During his absence, the supposedly localized ethnic revolt spread from Kwilu to Kivu Province, seven hundred miles away—where, despite the presence of Mobutu's other most trusted officer, Colonel Léonard Mulamba, and a company of the general's own commandos air-lifted from Léopoldville, about three thousand rebels now control the Ruzizi River Valley and the seventy-mile road leading from the provincial capital

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of Bukavu to the Burundi frontier. A fortnight after this outbreak (with the general still away), the revolt spread three hundred miles further to North Katanga, where the rebels have seized the provincial capital of Albertville.

While these new rebels are described as "Mulélistes," they may not have been instigated by Mulele personally, who has become almost as legendary a hero by now as Lumumba. His name is already being used here as a kind of generic adjective: the word "Muléliste," like "Lumumbiste," as the *Economist* observes, is simply being applied nowadays to anyone in the Congo who threatens the central government, nuns, and investments. Yet there is clearly a thread running from Kwilu to Kivu to Katanga, at the end of which may be found fifteen operatives from Red China.

New Faces in Bujumbura

Officially, the thread is being twitched by a group of about a hundred exiled Congolese dissidents calling themselves the Committee for National Liberation (CNL). But Mulele has never taken orders directly from the CNL; and while others evidently do, there doesn't seem to be anybody on the committee capable of thinking up the orders without expert guidance.

The CNL was formed early last October, when President Joseph Kasavubu dissolved the shiftless and corrupt Congolese parliament. It set up headquarters just across the river from Léopoldville in Brazzaville, capital of the former French Congo, and in January it opened a branch office in Bujumbura (formerly Usumbura), the capital of Burundi. It has no program beyond a formal desire to overthrow the central government by force; and if it is progressing in that direction, the explanation appears to lie more in the Congo's weakness than in the committee's strength.

President Bocheley-Davidson of the CNL is an old Lumumba hand, an erratic politician whom many observers dismiss as a crackpot. (Before leaving for Brazzaville, he called on American embassy officials here to present a letter addressed to the Soviet embassy. They returned it unopened, assuming that it merely contained the usual request for money.) Clustered around Bocheley-Davidson is a quarrelsome and mostly lackluster assortment of leftists, furiously divided on whether the Soviet Union or China ought to be backing their revolution. Unable to decide, they have been trying to prove their respective points by wandering off on fund-raising missions to Accra, Algiers, and Cairo, as well as Prague, Moscow, and Peking. By all accounts, those going to Peking have been getting the best of the argument. Not that the Russians have lost interest in the Congo, which could again become one of the richest states in Africa. But Soviet diplomats have reason to be

wary: they have been thrown out of the country twice in four years.

Red China has had no such sobering experience and was in fact already deeply involved with Mulele. The Chinese problem in November was not whether but how to help the rebels, since they had no diplomatic mission in the Congo or any state around it. But that handicap has largely been overcome since the Kingdom of Burundi recognized China last December and the new revolutionary régime in Brazzaville followed suit two months later. With the arrival of seven Chinese diplomats in Burundi and eight in Brazzaville, the Congolese revolutionary movement immediately picked up steam. True, the Chinese don't appear to have delivered much military equipment, but until the rebels run into more serious resistance from the Congolese Army, they don't need much more than the primitive weapons they are using.

Where's Tshombe?

The first fruit of the collaboration of the Chinese and the CNL was last month's uprising in Kivu; next came North Katanga, and lying between these two eastern provinces and western Kwilu are nine other provinces highly susceptible to subversion. These are North Kivu, Haut Congo (seat of Gizenga's old secessionist government), Maniema (also a Gizengist stronghold), Samkuru (Lumumba's birthplace), Luluabourg (where the deposed and popular provincial president has joined the CNL), Unité Kasaïenne (seat of "King" Kalonji's former secessionist diamond state), Kwango (which, like Kasaï, has a number of Mulele's Bapende tribesmen), and Lualaba and East Katanga, which were once parts of Moise Tshombe's secessionist state of Katanga. Together these provinces make up by far the wealthier half of the Congo—especially with the last two, which are the most apt to erupt.

While Tshombe may be the archetype of a neo-colonial villain for many Congolese, he is not a man to live in permanent retirement. He has undeniably lost much of his former backing. Union Minière, which had spent more than $100 million to support his private state and army, has reached an understanding with the central government and longs only for a little peace and quiet in Katanga. The British, too, would no longer think of using Tshombe to protect their substantial holdings in the Katanga-Rhodesia copper belt: Northern Rhodesia is independent now, and Britain's main concern is to get along with its new African president, Kenneth Kaunda, who despises Tshombe.

Still, the ineffable Mr. Tshombe has put aside more than enough money for a comeback. His lieutenants still control two of Katanga's three provinces, Lualaba and East Katanga, where the richest mines are located, and barely 1,800 of his twenty thousand troops have actually surrendered, many of the

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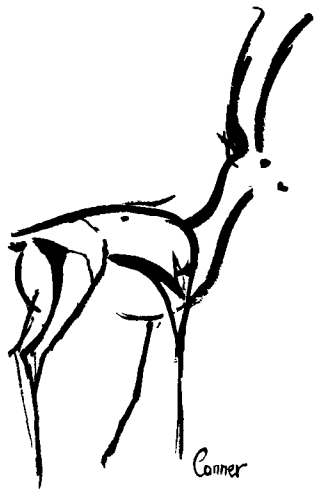
rest having merely taken refuge across the border in Angola. Accordingly, he spent the better part of last year negotiating with the central government for a cabinet post (if not, eventually, the premiership), and when talks broke down, he promptly approached the CNL in Brazzaville. He was on the verge of a coalition agreement with the CNL when his go-between, Emmanuel Lonji, was arrested in Paris on Premier Adoula's request. (Lonji has just been released.)

So far the prospects of further uprisings in Tshombe's or the other eastern provinces are only theoretical. They may never materialize if General Mobutu can manage to suppress the three current revolts before they spread further. But that would mean completing, in the next few months, a monumental undertaking that has not even gotten started in these last four years: retraining the Congolese National Army. Despite all the talk, the military missions, the innumerable plans and U.N. resolutions, nobody has really done anything about this army since 1960. It is only in the last month or two that bilateral agreements were finally reached whereby Belgium will train the ANC's infantry, Italy its air force, and Israel its paratroopers, with the United States providing communications and transport equipment. Thus far, only Israel is fully carrying out its part of the bargain. The reason for this incredible state of affairs can be traced to an initial error that has proved calamitous.

On arriving here in the terrible summer of 1960, the U.N. had assumed, not unreasonably, that the Congolese Army was the enemy. Its first proposal was therefore to disarm the troops and build a new army from the ground up. At the time, the more extremist African states were shrilly demanding that the U.N. rid the Congo of all "neo-colonialist elements," including the former Belgian rulers and General Mobutu. Since the U.N. was already getting rid of the Belgians, the general concluded—not unreasonably, either—that any new Congolese Army built by the U.N. would not include him. He turned down the plan and has since refused to discuss any others emanating from U.N. circles. With one exception, he hasn't been on speaking terms with the U.N. military commanders here for a long time. (The exception is its present Nigerian commander, who saw fit to call on the general rather than wait for the general to call on him.)

Inasmuch as the United States has been footing a large share of the U.N.'s military bill here, it too has tried to press several training plans on General Mobutu. Unfortunately, the United States had also tended to think of Mobutu's army as the enemy until about a year and a half ago, when it suddenly realized that the ANC was the Congo's only hope; and even since that time, its policies have been more a hindrance than a



help. When Mobutu finally got around to drawing up his own training plan last August, he chose only the two European nations and Israel to do the training.

Dismayed by the predictable reactions in the third world, the United States wasted precious months trying to persuade the general either to bring a few African states into the program—though he plainly couldn't think of any whose army he might respect and trust—or to put the whole project under a U.N. "umbrella." Long after eastern Kwilu was in flames, we were still arguing the point.

To be sure, a more patriotic man than Mobutu might have overcome his personal prejudices in his country's interests, and the U.N. and the United States might have tried harder to placate Mobutu if he had shown more talent as a military rather than a political general. But the ANC has yet to produce an officer who might have done better in Mobutu's place. The western powers, then, will have to make do with what they've got: a moody and dilatory commander-in-chief, two or three commando battalions with a semblance of military discipline, and about twenty-two thousand other troops who still don't know what they did that was wrong when they went berserk in 1960. Under the best of circumstances, it would take a year or more to pull this army into something like fighting shape; and it might take a good deal longer, with Belgium and Italy haggling over jurisdictional problems in the training program, General Mobutu insisting that he must personally approve of every military officer sent by the Belgians, and the Pentagon pondering the question of whether to send four, six, or eight C-47s for troop transport. Meanwhile, the ANC is still looking around for an officer to replace Major Tshatchi in Kwilu, and pressing on with what has been described as "one of the most cautious offensives in history" in Kivu's Ruzizi River Valley.

Ready or Not

It is certainly late now for the U.N. to reconsider its withdrawal plans, even supposing that its remaining four thousand troops here could do any more by staying than they have been doing during the last year and a half. Ready or not, the Congo is going to be on its own. Naturally, it will still have outside help. The U.N.'s technical assistance program will continue, and while American aid is gradually being reduced, Belgium and France are moving in to fill the gap. As far as money and expert advice go, the Congo will continue to be a lot better off than most new African states. But no amount of technical assistance can save the Congolese politically and militarily from each other. That will be up to the central government and the army.

Were it not for the nightmare threat to its security, the Congo might surprise everybody by doing very well. Considering how things were in 1960, the incumbent government is a marvel of stability. Premier Cyrille Adoula has been in power now for three straight years, and in some respects has worked

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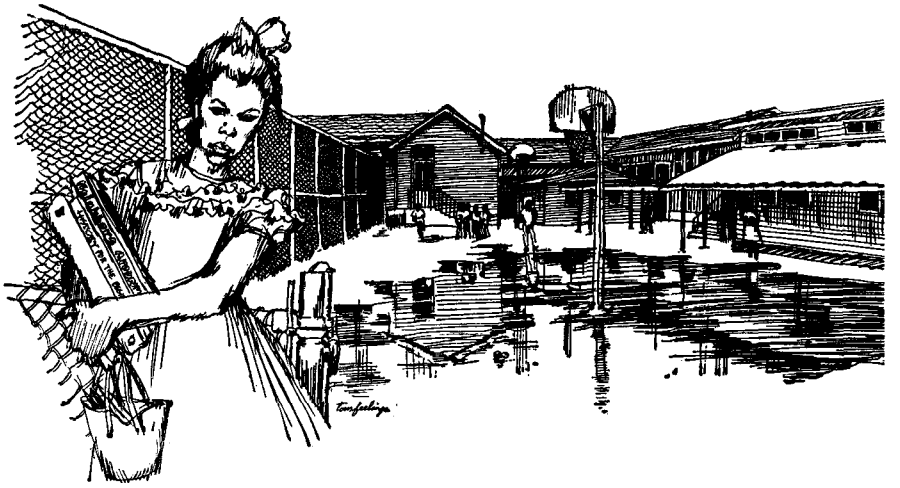
wonders. Since my last visit to Léopoldville over a year ago, the capital has become livable. The shops are stocked with meat and bread; the taxis can be used without mortal danger; the telephones work, after a fashion; the national route—a 1,728-mile rail and water line from Elisabethville to Léopoldville and on to the port of Matadi—is open and functioning; and the appallingly rapid decomposition of the economy in general has been brought to a dramatic halt. Where the country was facing utter ruin last spring, it has been saved by a stabilization plan that went into effect in October under the guidance of American and International Monetary Fund experts. For the first time since 1960, the Congo now has a balanced budget and is within sight of a balance in foreign trade. Government revenues have doubled, imports are starting to arrive, business is moving again, cash crops are starting up here and there, and while the once nearly worthless Congolese franc has not yet achieved any real stability, the black-market rate has fallen to only double the official exchange rate.

But if these results are spectacular, they may not be enduring. It will take at least another year of tight controls and civic discipline before the stabilization plan can really take hold here, and civic discipline is the last thing Premier Adoula can count on at the moment. For all the progress made in Léopoldville, the fourteen million Congolese living outside the capital have made almost no progress at all toward acquiring a sense of citizenship or even of nationhood. The more responsible government leaders realize that the Congo's salvation lies in the creation of a national identity, and its downfall in the tribal fragmentation that Red China is encouraging.

The average Congolese does not realize this. That is why the people in at least half of the country's twenty-three provinces might prove easy prey to the first *provocateur* who comes along. Perhaps the Chinese cannot count on many gifted rebels like Mulele, who with his medicine men and magic charms cuts such a romantic and mystical figure. But they can count on a kind of primitive lawlessness that is the next best thing.



'Old Scratchhead' Wakes Up In Chester, Pennsylvania

SPENCER KLAW

Few if any of the battlegrounds on which Northern Negroes are fighting for better schools, better jobs, and better housing have been more fiercely contested than Chester, Pennsylvania. Since last November, when Negro pickets supported by white college students from nearby Swarthmore forced the temporary closing of an overcrowded and virtually all-Negro elementary school, several hundred persons have been arrested and jailed in Chester—some of them four or five times—for taking part in sit-ins and other mass demonstrations against *de facto* segregation in the city's schools.

Bricks and bottles have been thrown, and the police appear to have engaged in promiscuous head-cracking. "The State Police and City Police told us to leave," a Negro who was at the scene of a demonstration on the night of April 22 has written in an affidavit. "When we started to walk away they started to hitting us and telling us to run. I would not run so one State Policeman said you black Sun of a bitch you run or I break your legs. I said break them. Then he poked me in my ribs with his night stick four or five times then got me by the back of the neck and tryed to through my head against a parking meter . . . hitting me with his night stick on both legs breaking the skin on my right leg. And then when I still didn't run he hit me with his night stick on the head and shoulders. Poked me in the ribs some more. Took his foot and kicked me so hard that I fell [and] slid on my right shoulder breaking the skin and leaving a scare about eight inches long." A white reporter for the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, Timothy Tyler, has complained that on the same night he was seized from behind and held in a stranglehold by one policeman while a second policeman hit him under the ribs with his club and a third broke his nose with a blackjack. Some Chester residents are inclined to exonerate the police on the ground that they didn't intend to rough up a newspaperman but mistook Mr. Tyler, who is a recent graduate of Harvard, for a Swarthmore student.

When I spent a few days not long ago in Chester, a run-down factory town situated on the Delaware River just below Philadelphia, the atmosphere was relatively calm. The city's schools, which had been closed for three days at the height of the

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demonstrations that took place in April, were open again. The Pennsylvania State Commission on Human Relations, acting on orders from Governor William Scranton, was holding public hearings in Chester to determine whether or not, as Negro leaders charge, Negro children in Chester are generally forced to go to elementary and junior high schools that not only are segregated but are also inferior in other ways to those that most white children attend. In deference to the commission's presence in the city, street demonstrations had been suspended.

But there was no reason to assume that the suspension would be a long one. Testimony at the hearings held out little hope that Chester's mayor and its school board would make more than minimal and grudging concessions to the city's Negroes, who now make up about forty per cent of a total population of around sixty-five thousand. Mayor James H. Gorbey told the commission that he knew nothing about alleged *de facto* segregation in Chester's schools except what he had read in the newspapers, and that he had no ideas as to what might or should be done about it. Smiling faintly, he added that he had always understood it was the Negroes themselves who had originally demanded, some forty years ago or more, that schools be built in the city's Negro neighborhoods, and that until last November's demonstrations he had assumed that they still preferred separate schools.

The Price of Indifference

The situation of Chester's Negroes differs in certain respects from the situation of those who live in many other Northern communities, but only in degree. The bitter conflict that has broken out in Chester is only a heightened version of the conflict that can now be expected wherever a large Negro population presents legitimate demands that are met by temporizing and indifference.

One of the special handicaps under which Chester's Negroes labor is the Republican organization that for more than half a century has ruled the city and Delaware County, in which it is situated. Since the 1920's, the leader of this organization has been John J. McClure. Now seventy-seven and a semi-invalid, McClure lives in a huge Victorian mansion in Chester, where it is said that he likes to summon lieutenants to his bedside by ringing a cowbell. In his more active days, while he was serving in the state senate, where he was known as an uncompromising Dry, McClure was convicted of bootlegging and sentenced to eighteen months in prison. But before he had begun to serve his term, repeal set aside convictions under the Eighteenth Amendment. Though the scandal cost McClure his senate seat, his control of the county was unimpaired. "A modern *Cid*," a Delaware County historian has written, "he sits propped atop the white charger of invincibility ready to send fleeing in wild disarray any opposing forces which may arise within or without his kingdom."

So far, McClure has found it neither necessary nor desirable to do much for Chester's Negroes. Through the use of the extensive patronage he commands—there are practically no civil-service jobs in Delaware County—he has bought off or intimidated Negroes who threatened to make trouble for him at the polls. Better schools and hospitals would of course mean higher taxes, and in view of the fact that most middle-income people who work in Chester prefer to live in more attractive communities such as Swarthmore, the taxes would have to fall largely on the shipyards and factories that line Chester's waterfront. And it is a basic tenet of McClure's political creed that the companies which operate these plants—they include Scott Paper, Boeing, and Sun Shipbuilding—must be treated very gently in the matter of taxes. Unfortunately for Chester, this policy has not kept the city's industrial employers from laying off thousands of workers in recent years and, in one instance, from shutting down an entire plant. As a result, the unemployment rate among Chester's white residents now stands at seven per cent; among Negroes, it is at least twice as high.

Besides skimping on public services in general, the Republican machine has clearly discriminated against Negroes in the case of the schools. Although sixty per cent of the city's elementary-school pupils are Negroes, only one school situated in a Negro district has room for kindergarten classes, compared with four schools attended exclusively or almost exclusively by white children. Testimony already received by the Pennsylvania Human Relations Commission seems to show conclusively that schools in Negro neighborhoods are more crowded, more dilapidated, and more poorly equipped and staffed than schools in white neighborhoods. A report of an inspection of schools in Negro districts made last winter by a group of Chester citizens consists largely of comments such as "Lavatory rooms are poorly heated, with foul odors, dirty urinals, and are generally in need of paint and repairs," and ". . . no gym facilities, teachers' rooms, or assembly room . . . no secretary for the principal . . . no remedial reading specialist." Until very recently, too, Negro teachers were assigned only to schools in Negro districts. A Negro teacher who has a master's degree from Temple University told the commission that he had applied in writing on ten different occasions for appointment to a supervisory job in the Chester school system or to the principalship of a white school, and that on nine of these occasions he had not even been favored with a reply.

ALTHOUGH mass demonstrations against *de facto* segregation in the schools did not begin until last November, it had been obvious for months even to Chester's all-white city council that something was in the wind. Last June, after a number of attempts had been made to block the eviction from public housing projects of Negro women who had violated project rules by bearing illegitimate children, a local Human Relations Commission was appointed and asked to see what it could to ease tension in the Negro community. While Negro leaders had been urging such a step for months, many of them were disappointed and angry over the appointment as chairman of the commission of a white dentist named Nathan V. Plafker. Their reasons became clear in the course of a talk I had with Plafker, a bald, well-scrubbed man in his fifties. He told me that his formal education had included the study of

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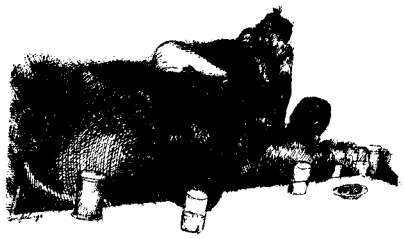
both Jewish and Christian theology, and then said, among other things, that Negroes are innately less intelligent than whites; that their leaders are mostly "irresponsible, incompetent clergymen and demagogues"; that he has been trying for ten years without success to persuade any Negro minister to take a firm stand against illegitimacy; that the Bible has "nothing but contempt for Negroes"; that while there have been many great Jews—he cited Moses, Jesus, Marx, Freud, and Einstein—the only Negro who made any sort of a name for himself was Booker T. Washington (who Plafker said was half white); and that if Chester's Negroes felt they were being discriminated against, they should follow the example of Chester's Jews and build their own country club. "The Negro has to help himself," Plafker concluded. "He must stop whining and blaming other people for his own faults."

Lighting the Fuse

Given the real grievances of the Negro community and the kind of city government that would call on a man like Plafker to help ease interracial tensions, an explosion was probably inevitable in Chester. The man who touched it off was an ex-paratrooper named Stanley E. Branche. A light-skinned Negro with hazel eyes and a massive chin, Branche had been a student at the Pennsylvania Institute of Criminology and a department-store security officer in Philadelphia and Atlantic City before he moved to Chester in 1962 and became an NAACP field secretary.

The NAACP had not been very effective in Chester. "It was a holding operation," I was told by Monroe Beardsley, a white professor of philosophy at Swarthmore who has been an active member of the Chester chapter since 1956. "We didn't really scare anybody. People didn't get mad at us—but they didn't really pay much attention to us either." Last year, however, Branche took part in demonstrations in Cambridge, Maryland. According to a former associate, "He came back to Chester breathing fire and smoke" and began urging Negroes to take to the streets. Impatient with what he regarded as the overcautious attitude of the NAACP, he quit to become the chairman of a new organization called the Committee for Freedom Now, and it was under his leadership that several hundred demonstrators forced the closing of the Franklin Elementary School on November 12. On the following day, demonstrators invaded City Hall, where they jumped up on counters and yanked out switchboard plugs. Later, some five hundred persons, mainly Negroes, marched on the police station, singing and jeering.

On November 14, the city threw in the towel. Branche was taken from jail and driven to City Hall in a police wagon to attend a negotiating session at which it was agreed that 165 pupils would be transferred from Franklin to less crowded schools, and that certain repairs would be made



at Franklin and more toilets installed. To complete Branche's triumph, the city further agreed that charges would not be pressed against Branche and 243 other persons who had been jailed during the demonstrations.

Early this year, Branche went after bigger game. The Chester Human Relations Commission, from which Plafker had by then resigned, submitted a report urging the board of education to move quickly to correct racial imbalance in the city's schools. When the board gave little evidence that it was planning to do anything of the kind, Branche called for a new round of marches and sit-ins. They began on March 28. This time, Branche and the CFFN had the full support of the NAACP, and among the hundreds of persons arrested was Phillip H. Savage, NAACP secretary for Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland. The demonstrations, in the course of which scores of participants, bystanders, and policemen were injured, went on for nearly a month. They were called off only after the governor ordered the State Commission on Human Relations to investigate the charges that had been made against the Chester board of education, and, if the commission should find discrimination in the schools, to press the board to take such corrective measures as might be indicated.

MANY of those persons who have supported Branche's activities in Chester consider him irresponsible. Early last month, for instance, just after the demonstrations were ended, Phillip Savage bitterly accused Branche of having gone back on an agreement he had made with the NAACP, and said that in the future the NAACP would have nothing whatsoever to do with Branche's CFFN. Even Branche's warmest admirers concede that he is unpredictable. "Stanley's a genius at extemporization," Monroe Beardsley told me. "I've often heard him say, 'I never know what I'm going to say until I stand up to say it.' " Almost everyone agrees with Beardsley, however, that nothing much would have happened in Chester without the strong leadership of Branche. "We needed Stanley to light the fuse," George Raymond, chairman of the NAACP's Chester chapter, admitted.

I had a chance one evening to observe for myself how Branche can move and excite his followers. The occasion was a CFFN rally held in a Negro Baptist church. Because of the break between Branche and the NAACP and because no march was scheduled, there were scarcely more than a hundred in the audience. Most of them were middle-aged working-class people, and apart from two reporters and a *Life* photographer I saw only two white persons one of whom was Beardsley. There was a long warm-up period during which a tall young man in glasses led the audience in singing songs such as "Ain't Going to Let Nobody Turn Me Round" and "We Shall Not be Moved." When Branche got up to speak, he began by paying tribute to the courage of the demonstrators he had seen facing the bayonets of the National Guardsmen in Cambridge, Maryland, when Governor Wallace of Albama had spoken there the night before. "When they march down that street again tonight, they know that all hell is going to break loose," he said. "They know

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they're going to have to go up against those bayonets again. But nothing's going to turn these people round." He paused and added huskily: "People ask me why we're demonstrating. They say, 'What's the issue?' I tell them, just waking up every morning and being *black*, that's the issue." There was a murmur of assent from the audience.

Branche went on to announce plans for a rent strike in Chester. "We're going to get some decent housing around here, and if these landlords don't start fixing things up we ain't none of us going to pay rent," he said. He spoke of Chester Negroes who pay fifteen dollars a week for apartments filled with rats and roaches, and of Negroes whose houses have dirt floors. "Pigs don't even live like that," he said, "but it's good enough for a Negro." There were cries of "That's right!" from the audience, and they became more frequent as Branche turned to the subject of freedom. In the white man's eyes, he said, the Negro's real crime is that he wants freedom. "They're running scared," he said. "Old Scratchhead and 'Yassuh, Boss'—that's what they're used to. They've never fought people with freedom on their minds. They don't think that our children like to laugh. They don't think our children want to play in the sunshine like theirs, or to run through fields. But I'm telling you, until we're free, and our children are free, they're not going to enjoy their freedom. They call us irresponsible. I'm proud to be irresponsible. This mayor, this city council, this power structure, they're on the way out. In the next four years, we're going to have a black mayor in this town." There was loud applause, and a few moments later the meeting ended with a prayer that was said by a clergyman while the audience sat with bowed heads, softly humming "We Shall Overcome."

The White Reaction

It is, of course, most unlikely that Chester will have a Negro mayor any time in the near future, or even that the McClure organization will be overthrown and a white mayor elected who sympathizes with the aspirations of the city's Negroes. Many Negroes in Chester have never bothered to register; conducting a registration drive, which offers none of the emotional gratification or excitement of running a mass demonstration, is seldom the forte of leaders like Stanley Branche. Moreover, Negroes have few allies in Chester. To be sure, there are many whites in Chester who also live on relief and dwell in rat-infested buildings. But even though the disadvantages of being black are so closely related to the disadvantages of being poor, there is no sign that Chester's poor whites and poor Negroes are being drawn together by a recognition of their common plight.

The indications are clear, in fact, that the white people who live in Chester strongly oppose any concessions to the city's Negroes. An organization called the Chester Parents Association, of which Dr. Plafker was one of the founders, has recently been formed to oppose the bussing of schoolchildren, and to press for stern legal and police action to curb Branche and his followers. Already the CPA claims 3,400 members, some 350 of whom were present at the particular meeting that I attended. The members elected permanent officers, listened to plans for a Law and Order Rally, and loudly applauded Dr. Plafker when he told them he had been assured by Mayor Gorbey that the city administration "is walking hand in hand with us in defense of our schools." From questions that were asked from the floor, it was obvious that many white parents in Chester are deeply troubled by the new militancy of the city's Negro citizens, and fearful that their children will be sent to strange schools in strange neighborhoods. The degree to which ordinary compassion can be overwhelmed by such fears was apparent when a woman rose to point out that because of an urban-renewal project which had required the demolition of a good many dwellings, the two elementary schools in her part of the city were not nearly filled to capacity. She added with considerable emotion that parents of children in these schools should be prepared to welcome children from overcrowded schools "whether they are colored or whether they are white." It was the only generous sentiment expressed in the course of the meeting, and only six people applauded.

The Mob Behind the Marchers

PAT WATTERS

A MASS civil-rights meeting was under way early this year at a tiny Negro church in the heart of Atlanta's worst slum, Buttermilk Bottoms. Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee workers, as part of a continuing new effort to reach down to the masses, poured on civil-rights exhortations and freedom songs to people whose poverty had kept them from being involved in such things. Finally, the workers called for questions from the audience.

A young man with hard, flat eyes got up. Against a chorus of "Talk it, brother! That's *right!*," he said: "You talk about jobs. The first thing the man asks is, Do you have a record? Ninety per cent of Negroes have police records. If they have children, they're not going to let 'em starve. So I walk in the store with a gun and tell the man to lay something down—and so I want to know wha'cha going to do about that."

The SNCC workers didn't seem to have an answer. The incident, insignificant in itself, was just one more indication of the kind of problems that are bound to arise as the civil-rights movement spreads in the South. The fear is that direct action in the South this summer may bring an end to the near-miracle of Negro nonviolence.

The season's first Southern racial flare-up fed this fear. It occurred Easter week in Jacksonville, Florida,

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and produced two days and nights of violence and vandalism, almost all from Negroes. The violence did not come from demonstrators or their leaders. Much of it came from the lower orders of Negro society—the brutalized by-products of slums and segregation. They threw rocks and bottles at passing cars and into store windows. They tossed fire bombs, setting half a dozen businesses briefly ablaze. They turned in false alarms day and night. There was also gunfire. Some were merely taking advantage of the demonstrations to express the personal anger of the moment and a lifetime. Others, police said, were members of gangs that normally fight among themselves—the High Hats, Boomerangs, Untouchables, teen-agers wearing a ring in one ear, out on a big racial rumble.

SUCH GANGS exist in every large Southern Negro community, according to Cordell Reagon, a SNCC field worker and a veteran of direct action in the South since its beginnings. He described how the gangs worked as vigilantes during the Albany, Georgia, demonstrations in 1961 and 1962, patrolling Negro neighborhoods at night to keep whites out. Once, they got out of control and broke domes on police cars and turned over a paddy wagon. But for the most part, the movement was strong enough to keep them under control, and could enlist their aid to enforce nonviolence. Can the gangs still be controlled? "Our young people are ready to die" is almost a stock answer when one raises such a question with Negroes in the South this year.

It was in Albany that a night march of demonstrators along a row of Negro dives brought out a drunken mob that hid behind the demonstrators to pelt police with rocks and bottles. "Nonviolent bricks, love rocks," the cops called them, almost gleefully.

In Birmingham's ordeal last year, rocks and bottles from the same sort of onlookers came crashing back after Bull Connor turned his fire hoses and police dogs on demonstrators. In Atlanta this year, an 11 P.M. march through a Negro neighborhood attracted a ragtag band of the undisciplined and drunks. An intended demonstration at a segregated truck stop turned into a brief rock battle involving approximately a hundred Negroes and seventy-five whites, including Klansmen.

The appearance of Governor George Wallace of Alabama caused a resumption of demonstrations in May in tense Cambridge, Maryland, rekindling the flames of racial antagonism and violence. Gasping and sputtering from tear gas used by the National Guard to break up a demonstration the first night, a SNCC field worker said bricks were thrown "from the sidelines." Apparently most were thrown by Negroes. Cambridge was the scene of one of last year's ugliest episodes of violence from both races, including brick-throwing, fire setting, and gunfire.

There is every reason to expect more of this wherever a community allows its race problems to reach the streets during the heightened time of tension this summer. "It spreads from a demonstration," said a newspaperman who has covered most of the South's crises. "It's an electric current to the masses. Then the criminal element enters in. The bonds are off."

High-school riots were another element in Jacksonville. Witnesses at the worst one of these said a group of toughs, probably not students, stirred things up. But the children of the "best people," middle-class Negro teen-agers, joined in the rock-throwing rampage that ensued. They chased three white newsmen, caught one and beat him up. A car was turned over and burned.

"It was panty-raid fervor degenerated into mob violence," said George Harmon, assistant city editor of the Jacksonville *Journal*, one of the newsmen they chased. "They were laughing and jeering through it all." A Negro matron remarked sadly: "They were after anything white."

Talk of violence is everywhere. At a mass meeting in Jackson, Mississippi, on the evening of Byron de la Beckwith's second mistrial on the charge of murdering NAACP leader Medgar W. Evers, one of the Negro ministers spoke these words: "We might have been in a segregated army, but we were all taught target practice. I hold an expert medal with the M-1 rifle, I hold a sharpshooter medal with the '03 Springfield, and I hold a marksman medal with the carbine."

A Negro close to the inner workings of Birmingham's racial clashes said he knew of at least three Second World War veterans who had filled their homes with weapons—"Everything from rifles to BB guns." He went on: "There is a large veteran population here. If police are brutal, if the Klan starts in, then you can expect aggressive violence from the middle run of folks—which of course will be joined by the hoodlum element. I hope we don't get in the streets in Birmingham this summer."

Meanwhile the Klan, a symbol of the whites' own predilection to violence, is resurgent across Mississippi and Alabama and other parts of the South. A small Klan unit in Atlanta urged in a pamphlet that "patriots" buy rifles, shotguns, pistols, walkie-talkies, food supplies. "Blood will surely flow in the streets. Let it flow! Let us arm our homes to make sure that Negro-Jew blood flows—and not ours!"

THE DILEMMA of responsible Southern Negroes is clear, for fighting back means disaster for everything they want. When asked for his comment on the situation that faces the South this summer, Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., acknowledged that one of the great dangers of the nonviolent movement is that it has helped to release Negroes of all classes from their fear of whites without instilling in all of them an acceptance of the nonviolent rationale.

Dr. King emphasized the psychological importance of the civil-rights legislation. Put off or watered down, it would mean "difficulty for leaders to keep the movement disciplined and nonviolent." In the South, he said, an effective law would "certainly give Negroes a new faith in democracy and the legislative process."

Beyond that, he is aware of a "tremendous danger" from the growing numbers of Negroes who are unemployed, depressed, and just plain resentful—people who "may be tempted to use the movement to let violent steam out. . . ."

The leaders are appealing for reason and restraint. But not all of their followers are listening.

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Sinkiang: Soviet Rustlers In China's Wild West

STANLEY KARNOW

HONG KONG

SCARCELY a week passes without invective between Peking and Moscow. But in one region at least, the great Communist dispute is more than a verbal duel. In China's northwestern Sinkiang Province, which borders the Soviet Union for a thousand miles, the Sino-Soviet confrontation has reached a pitch of tension that could erupt into an armed clash. And here on the "new frontier"—to give *sinkiang* its English meaning—the current conflict of interests is largely a revival of the national rivalries that have long plagued this remote, rugged Asian heartland.

Reports from the region have the almost antique, musty quality of old newspaper headlines. Defenses are being strengthened. Reinforcements are pouring in. Towns in the area have been turned into bristling garrisons. According to reliable accounts, the Chinese have evacuated their civilian population from sensitive border spots to a depth of twenty-five miles, and the frontier zone is closed to all but military traffic. On their side, the Soviets have been hastily constructing fortifications, building roads, and laying down supply depots, and a French engineer who visited the sector not long ago summoned up a memory of the Maginot Line.

Until now, however, the main fight has been for people. Like many another demarcation, the line between Red China and the Soviet Union arbitrarily bisects ethnic communities. On both sides, the population is a diversity of nationalities, predominantly Moslem, whose Turkic ancestors migrated into the region a millennium ago. There are Uighur farmers who cultivate oases, nomadic Kazakhs who keep their herds on the grasslands, and the Kirghiz shepherds who drive their flocks up the high slopes of awesome mountains. There are Khalkas, Tadzhiks, Uzbeks, and Tatars, whose names alone evoke the romantic flavor of Central Asia. Within China, there are descendants of the soldiers who manned the old Manchu outposts, and there are White Russian émigrés who fled the Bolsheviks decades ago, only to find themselves trapped in a newer Communist state.

For the most part, these are peoples with little respect for outside authority. "Kazakh" signifies "outlaw," and an ancient verse on dealing with Uighurs warns: "Speak to them good words, but call them not friends." In contrast to its repressive policies of the 1930's, Moscow in recent years has practiced more subtle, indirect rule in its "autonomous republics" by governing through native leaders. But the Chinese have been more forceful in trying to impose upon the Sinkiang "barbarians" the benefits of Han culture and Communist revolution.

This Chinese pressure, combined with China's economic setbacks, served to make the Soviet Union appear more attractive to the Moslem minorities of Sinkiang, and the Russians have taken advantage of their comparative appeal. They have been beaming radio broadcasts across the border, encouraging the Uighurs, Kazakhs, and others to flee into the Soviet Union. Soviet propaganda reportedly promises the future "liberation" of Sinkiang from the Peking régime and autonomy when "it will be attached to the Soviet Union." Some Moslems on the Chinese side are even said to believe that a local uprising will be co-ordinated with a Soviet attack against China.

Charge and Countercharge

Tales recounting Chinese persecution of Moslems turn up often in the Soviet press, and the Russians undoubtedly play them back across the border. Last September, for example, a Uighur tribesman named Ashir Vakhidov was quoted by Tass as telling of the "inhuman privations" he suffered in Sinkiang "due to the adventurous economic policy of the Chinese Communist Party." Another Uighur refugee, Usman Mametov, complained that his compatriots in China "are deprived of elementary human rights—of the right to work and participate in the public life of the country."

Peking itself acknowledges the seriousness of the Sinkiang border friction. In one of the angry letters the Chinese sent to the Soviet Communist Party last February, they asserted: "The Soviet side has flagrantly carried out large-scale subversive activities in Chinese frontier areas, trying to sow discord among China's nationalities by means of press and radio, inciting China's minority nationalities to break away from their motherland, and inveigling and coercing tens of thousands of Chinese citizens into going to the Soviet Union."

This charge against the Russians, as bitterly candid as anything to emerge from the Sino-Soviet dialogue, is substantially correct. Moscow has indeed had its eye on the Sinkiang minorities, for a variety of reasons. To a large extent, the Soviets are

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trying to create for themselves the image of an Asian power. Coming to the rescue of peoples persecuted by the chauvinistic Chinese is certainly a rewarding pose. Moreover, it is a gesture that goes down well with the Soviet Union's own Moslems, who undoubtedly sympathize with the plight of their coreligionists in China. At the same time, Russian interference in Sinkiang may also be preparation against the possibility of eventual Chinese designs on Soviet territory. Among the nine "unequal treaties" denounced by Peking last year, three were imposed on China by Czarist Russia. The Chinese make no secret of their claim to large chunks of Soviet Central Asia and the Maritime Territory of eastern Siberia—all together a half million square miles with a present population of ten million.

PERHAPS more important, however, is the Soviet appetite for Sinkiang's resources. The province is twice the size of Texas and is potentially comparable in wealth. It has oil, iron ore, coal, uranium, and other minerals, and it could be developed into an important producer of cotton and wheat. The region's economic value has long tempted Russian rulers, and during the nineteenth century they repeatedly nibbled away at this fringe of the decaying Manchu empire. Similar efforts continued after the Bolsheviks came to power, but it was not until 1933 that Moscow's influence implanted itself firmly in the province. For a decade thereafter, Sinkiang was a kind of Soviet satellite.

But it was, as Professor Owen Lattimore has termed it, a "voluntary satellite." Threatened by Moslem insurgents and ignored by Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist government, the Sinkiang governor of the time, Sheng Shih-ts'ai, called to the Soviets for help. Russian forces promptly routed the rebels, and at Sheng's behest the Soviet authorities remained. Though Sheng nominally ruled, real power lay in the hands of the Soviet consul-general and a corps of Soviet advisers. The Chinese bureaucracy was mostly untouched, and with a few exceptions—Mao Tse-tung's brother became commissioner of finance—no special effort was made to fill the administration with Chinese Communists. Moscow naturally took advantage of its position to exploit Sinkiang's resources, and during that period the Soviets imported more from the province alone than from the rest of China. A Soviet military garrison was stationed at Hami, not far from Kansu Province. Yet for nearly ten years of this quasi-colonial arrangement, Chinese sovereignty over Sinkiang was never abrogated. And as Professor Howard Boorman has noted, the protestations of loyalty by Sinkiang's Chinese officialdom to the Nationalist gov-

ernment of China increased in direct proportion to the intensification of Russian influence and activity in the province.

Preoccupied with Europe during the Second World War, the Soviets pulled out of Sinkiang. Possibly to ingratiate himself with Chiang Kai-shek, the puppet Sheng Shih-ts'ai executed every Chinese Communist he could find, including Mao's brother. But Chiang, now strong enough to assert himself in the area, removed Sheng, replaced him by a veteran Kuomintang member, and tried to build a pro-Nationalist administration in the province. His efforts were short-lived, however. The Soviet withdrawal from Sinkiang had only been a wartime necessity. In 1944, with the tide of the conflict turning in their favor, the Russians again turned to the region, and this time their tactics took a curious twist. A decade before, they had rushed to the aid of a Chinese governor menaced by Moslem rebels. Now they supported Moslem rebels opposing the establishment of central Chinese authority.

Armed with Soviet aircraft and weapons, the Moslem insurgents took over a large part of the Ili region near the Soviet border and set up an "East Turkestan Republic." In negotiations that followed, the Chinese accorded the rebels a degree of internal autonomy. Revolts of one sort or another continued, however, and despite Soviet assurances to Chiang Kai-shek that Moscow was not interfering in China's domestic affairs, many of the rebels undoubtedly operated under Russian aegis. In a pattern to be repeated later, Soviet propaganda stressed the ties of kinship between Sinkiang Moslems and their more fortunate relatives in the Soviet Union, and urged resistance against Chinese encroachment of their land. One of the insurgent leaders at the time was Saifudin Aziz, a Uighur trained in Moscow, who since then has become a prominent representative of Peking in Sinkiang.

A History of Unrest

Much of the postwar period in Sinkiang was confused, turbulent, and mysterious. There were pro-Soviet elements who had no contact with the Chinese Communists, and Moslem conservatives who opposed any form of outside domination.

Early in 1950 the Chinese Communists consolidated their hold over Sinkiang, partly by force, partly by the defections of Nationalist officials. This inaugurated a new phase of Soviet interest in the province. In March, 1950, Peking and Moscow concluded an agreement for setting up joint oil and mineral exploitation companies, at first under Russian management. After some initial trouble, a respectable measure of progress was achieved in the region. Prospecting teams using Soviet equipment and skills discovered new oilfields. Pipelines were laid and refineries built. A modest steel plant was opened at Urumchi, the provincial capital, and hydroelectric stations were constructed. A railroad was started that was planned to reach the Soviet border; it has not been completed, and probably will not be as long as current tensions persist.

If the Russians had a long-range design on Sinkiang, it was muted during this Sino-Soviet honeymoon. Without any indication of friction, the joint companies were dissolved in 1955 and transferred to exclusive Chinese control, the Chinese agreeing to pay for the Soviet shares with

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exports "over the course of several years." Soviet advisers remained, however, and they exerted a good deal of influence in political, economic, and even educational realms. On Russian counsel, for example, the Chinese authorities adopted the Cyrillic script for writing local languages (though later, after Sino-Soviet trouble increased, the Latin alphabet was substituted). The Soviets also exercised power through Chinese officials they had groomed for years. "In those days," a former Sinkiang resident told me recently, "the Chinese authorities wouldn't make any decisions without Soviet advice."

Ever mindful of the threat from fractious Moslem minorities, the Chinese launched a tremendous campaign to Sinicize the province. It was officially called the Sinkiang-Uighur Autonomous Region, and because of Uighur predominance—they number over half of the present population of seven million—the former Soviet agent Saifudin Aziz was elevated to a prominent leadership position. But real control remained in the hands of Chinese. Since 1955, the provincial Communist Party first secretary had been Wang-en Mao, a native of Kiangsi. The Communist Party municipal committee in Urumchi is more than sixty per cent Chinese, and most of the department heads or deputies in the government apparatus are Chinese.

Starting with labor troops—mostly ex-Nationalists—nearly two million Chinese colonists have been sent into the province, and thus they constitute about thirty per cent of the total population. No technical advancement is possible without knowledge of the Chinese language, and it has been reported that history books and records were rewritten to convince the local minorities that they were originally Chinese. Simultaneously, efforts have been made to discourage Islamic observance, a cohesive factor among Sinkiang's nationalities. Peking propaganda makes much of China's religious toleration, but several ways have been used to discredit the Moslem faith in Sinkiang. Religious holidays have been cut down because they interfere with working time. Youths are indoctrinated to eschew the old-fashioned beliefs of their elders. Village mosques, which were also convenient meeting places for subversives, have been closed.

Chinese attempts to stifle their cultural singularities, combined with Peking's program of socialization for a rather primitive economy, aroused the resentment of Sinkiang's minorities. Since 1949, uprisings of various intensity have been a constant feature in the province, and Communist newspapers and broadcasts made frequent reference to "counter-revolutionary elements using nationality and religious issues as pretexts."

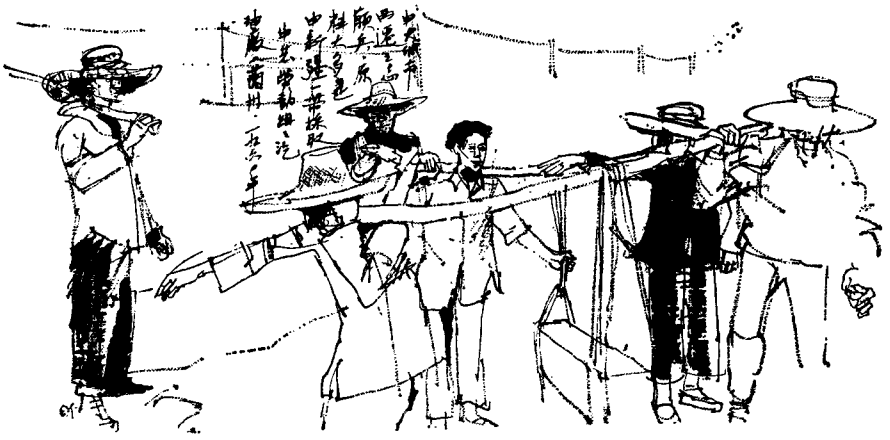
A major fracas occurred in June, 1957, at the time of the "hundred flowers" campaign when the Communists briefly encouraged free speech.

Vocal groups of dissidents openly criticized the Chinese Communists and their administration and army. According to a Peking report, these rebels were inspired by "narrow national sentiments." There is evidence that trouble simmered throughout the summer of 1957, and a fresh outbreak took place the next year. It was touched off by a government decision to substitute Mandarin Chinese for the Uighur language in a provincial institute of higher education. Students called for a strike, arrests followed, and the unrest spread. Uighurs reaching Hong Kong in 1958 told of sixty thousand guerrillas fighting the Communists in Sinkiang, and one group of rebels supposedly held out for two months near the Soviet border before it was defeated. Not long afterward, a Uighur refugee interviewed by a *Le Monde* correspondent in Pakistan revealed that at Hotien, a town in southern Sinkiang, ten thousand youths had attacked a prison, freed six hundred inmates, killed fifty officials, and seized stocks of grain before they were put down by troops. To a significant extent these uprisings seem to have been inspired by the Tibetan revolt, though they were probably not co-ordinated.

Whether or not the details in these reports are wholly accurate, there is no doubt that the situation was serious. From late in 1957 through mid-1958, the Chinese Communist authorities in Sinkiang held a series of conferences to purge their apparatus. By the time they ended, some fifty thousand cadre members had been demoted and hundreds were arrested. About twenty high officials, including the mayor of Urumchi and the commissioner for Kashgar, were dismissed. The province's six main internment camps, conveniently situated near coal mines, factories, and farms, were crowded with prisoners used as slave labor.

The 1962 Riot

The Soviet role in Sinkiang during this period is murky. Some refugees related that Moslem rebels were Russian-trained and armed with Soviet weapons. A Chinese Communist newspaper article of the time, critical of the dissidents, stated: "They take the Soviet Union as an example and hold it up as the sole form of rule that can promote political, economic, and cultural growth among minority nationalities."



Not until 1960, when Sino-Soviet relations began to deteriorate, did the Chinese begin to take measures against Russian influences in Sinkiang. Officials suspected of pro-Soviet leanings were removed from Communist Party and government positions. Some five hundred Moslem

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leaders charged with planning the formation of a Soviet-sponsored "East Turkestan Republic," a revival of the one briefly established after the Second World War, were arrested by the Chinese.

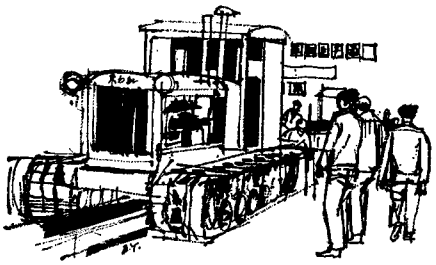
On Khrushchev's orders, Soviet technicians were withdrawn from China in mid-1960. But the Soviet consulates continued to function in Urumchi and Kuldja (Ining), a town fifty miles from the Soviet border. The Chinese have since charged that these consulates became centers for subversive Soviet activities.

Part of the story was told to me a few weeks ago by Gregory Michenko, a White Russian refugee doctor from Kuldja who had just reached Hong Kong en route to a new home in Australia. His account tallied with reports from other souces.

About three years ago, Michenko said, pro-Soviet Moslem agents began to agitate among the local population, telling stories of a better life across the border and emphasizing their ethnic bonds with the people in the Soviet Union. Not only were these Uighurs, Kazakhs, and others urged to migrate; the Soviets were also prepared to help them. Surreptitiously, thousands of Soviet passports were distributed, most of them predated to lend a note of authenticity. They had all originated in the Soviet consulate and, as Michenko put it, they were handed out "by the bagful."

When the lines formed for Chinese exit visas, the local Chinese authorities were taken aback to discover that so many of Sinkiang's people were suddenly revealing themselves as Soviet citizens. At first the exit permits were granted, but the Chinese began to investigate this proliferation of passports and soon traced them to the source. By this time, however, thousands of Sinkiang Moslems were fleeing into the Soviet Union, with or without passports and visas. In all, some fifty thousand are believed to have fled. By coincidence, this exodus in the spring of 1962 was paralleled by a similar flight of Kwangtung Province refugees into Hong Kong.

THE CHINESE tried administrative ways to stop the flow, such as registering people. Finally, toward the end of May, they simply sealed the border and halted all movement. Frustrated, cut off from relatives who had crossed into the Soviet Union or angered by general grievances, a mob of Uighurs and Kazakhs gathered in a square before the government headquarters in Kuldja on May 29. With nothing to stop them, they marched on the building, smashed its windows, destroyed documents, stole the state seal, and beat up the local employees. From there they went on to the Communist Party headquarters, and here they got a different reception. Chinese troops opened fire on them, killing some and arresting others. A few reported-



ly ran to the Soviet consulate for help but were turned away.

This account of the riot, based on Michenko's observation, has been substantiated by other sources. Among them was a purple description published in the Soviet Kazakhstan edition of *Pravda* by a former officer in the Chinese Army, Major General Zunun Taipov. As he told it, the demonstration started when forty people were refused exit visas to go to the Soviet Union. A crowd of three hundred gathered in front of the party building, where, said Taipov, "They were met with machine-gun salvos from the windows. People were also shot at from the back—from the Regional Military Headquarters which is opposite. Simple people, shepherds, farmers, were cut down in swathes, cursing the power-thirsty madmen. The crowd scattered. Several dozen corpses—men, women, old people, children—remained lying before the windows of the party committee as proof of the collapse of the nationalities policy of the Chinese leaders, a reproach to their unclean conscience."

According to Michenko, the Chinese had no illusions about who was responsible for the bloody demonstration. They telephoned the Soviet consul and told him to stop "your people." He denied any knowledge of the uprising. Nevertheless, he and his Russian staff were summarily expelled from the country. The local consulate employees were arrested, interrogated, and later released. The building was closed a few months afterwards. When Michenko peered through its gate not long ago, he saw some Chinese peasants and their livestock camped in the courtyard.

An Old Story

News of the Kuldja uprising spread. It is rumored to have provoked a similar riot at Tacheng, another border town some two hundred miles to the north. Meanwhile, at the Tushantzu oilfield midway between Kuldja and Urumchi, Moslem workers who heard reports of the unrest were urged not to listen to "evil elements" and stay on the job, but many left. Their absence, combined with the departure of Chinese workers because of food shortages, caused oil production at the field to decline by at least twenty-five per cent in the following months.

Before the end of 1962, there were no Soviet officials left anywhere in Sinkiang. Probably, however, Soviet weapons were being given to Moslem rebels and they were accorded sanctuary on Soviet territory. The continued fighting so affected the Chinese that, it has been suggested, they abandoned their invasion of India because their supply lines along the Sinkiang-Tibet highway could not be protected against the Moslem insurgents.

Since then, Sinkiang has become an armed camp. Uighur broadcasts from Soviet stations declare that "Sinkiang is our land and sooner or later we will return to occupy it." And despite stringent frontier controls, about a thousand Moslems reportedly flee every month into the Soviet Union.

In an interview with Edgar Snow last January, Chinese Premier Chou En-lai promised that Sino-Soviet border questions would be discussed with Moscow. Some meetings have probably been held in Peking. But the tension in Sinkiang is not likely to abate. The conflict, as the Chinese put it, may be "unheard-of in the relations between socialist countries." It is, however, an old story in Central Asia and will undoubtedly remain a story for some time to come.

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The Moppet Market

ARTURO F. GONZALEZ

DURING the 1930's, when mass communications and mass marketing were jointly coming of age in America, a segment of weekday radio time from 4:30 to 6:30 P.M. was usually allocated to children's programs. This time slot was bankrolled by a select group of cold-cereal manufacturers and other moppet-food merchandisers who dished up the tales of Jack Armstrong, Superman, Little Orphan Annie, *et al.*, to move cases of their products off the grocery-store shelves.

In those distant days, the hard sell aimed at pre-adolescents took such direct forms as "Ask your Mom to get you a box of Ralston today so you can send in the boxtop and get your Tom Mix secret decoder ring." These sales pitches were mainly confined to products that the children themselves consumed.

Today, however, a juvenile marketing revolution is under way. Advertisers of products not exclusively for children's consumption—cars, shampoos, pet foods, soups, and even insurance policies—are investing millions of dollars a year in major media to convince forty million pre-adolescents about what their parents ought to buy during the next family shopping spree. Particularly on TV (which the average child watches, we are told, twenty-four hours a week), lisping kiddies star in commercials showing their mothers that Texize cleans better than other cleansers, that the Ford Falcon station wagon is nifty for carrying the whole Little League baseball team to practice, and that Stripe toothpaste makes brushing fun because it's done in color. There's seldom a stretch of TV completely free from wee ones promoting the merchandise to their tiny confreres out there in TV-land who in turn are to nag their mothers at the point of sale.

THE TYRANNY of the tot is particularly obvious in the supermarket. Many displays are aimed right at the kids' psyches and TV afterimages. In this manner, a few pennies' worth of bubble-bath liquid, packaged in a dispenser shaped like a cartoon animal and advertised aggressively as "Soaky" over TV, costs millions of parents sixty-nine cents every time Junior yelps for it, and makes Colgate-Palmolive a handsome profit annually. Drugmakers have even found that children will ask for vitamins if the pills are pushed over TV—and what right-thinking mother can turn down a child's plea for "sound bones, strong teeth, and good health"? Other products especially popular with children are kosher food, pizza mixes, electric toothbrushes, children's toiletries, and Band-Aids. One survey reveals that ninety-four per cent of mothers admit that their children demand products they've seen on TV. Another study indicates that the children influence strongly one out of every seven consumer dollars spent today.

Given the acknowledged importance of the child as consumer in our society, it was inevitable that the field should produce its own specialists. Here are three quick indicators of major current activities in the moppet market:

¶ Eugene Gilbert, for twenty years head of the Gilbert Marketing Group, Inc., which specializes in a detailed examination of and counsel about this market, held his Seventh Youth Market Clinic last fall in Manhattan. Attendance at his previous clinic was about two hundred; attendance this time was more than 350 advertising and agency executives. Gilbert's firm, with eight hundred part-time representatives in five hundred cities, has studied the preferences of more than ten million young people since 1944 on roughly two thousand projects involving sales to youth. "I estimate that advertisers are spending $50 million this year, based in part on youth research we've undertaken," Gilbert said.

¶ *Jack and Jill* magazine, long a pristine bastion against the crass commercialism of advertising to its readers in the ten-to-twelve age group, has now opened its pages to the marketers' blandishments. Its entrance into kiddie advertising was promoted by means of an advertisement in the New York *Times* headlined "How to Woo the World's Most Misunderstood Consumer." Only one advertiser in each product category will be accepted in the magazine, to "prevent conflict of interest" in the minds of *Jack and Jill's* 800,000 young readers. It will be interesting to see if the Curtis Publishing Company will hold to this rule.

¶ At least one new advertising agency, Helitzer, Waring & Wayne, Inc., has informed its clients that it is primarily in the business of advertising to children. Significantly, the firm is enjoying the fastest billings growth of any in the advertising business. In one year, it has more than doubled its billings to $4 million annually. The company has had to double its office floor space to accommodate the many staff members, among them André Baruch, the well-known announcer, who is the

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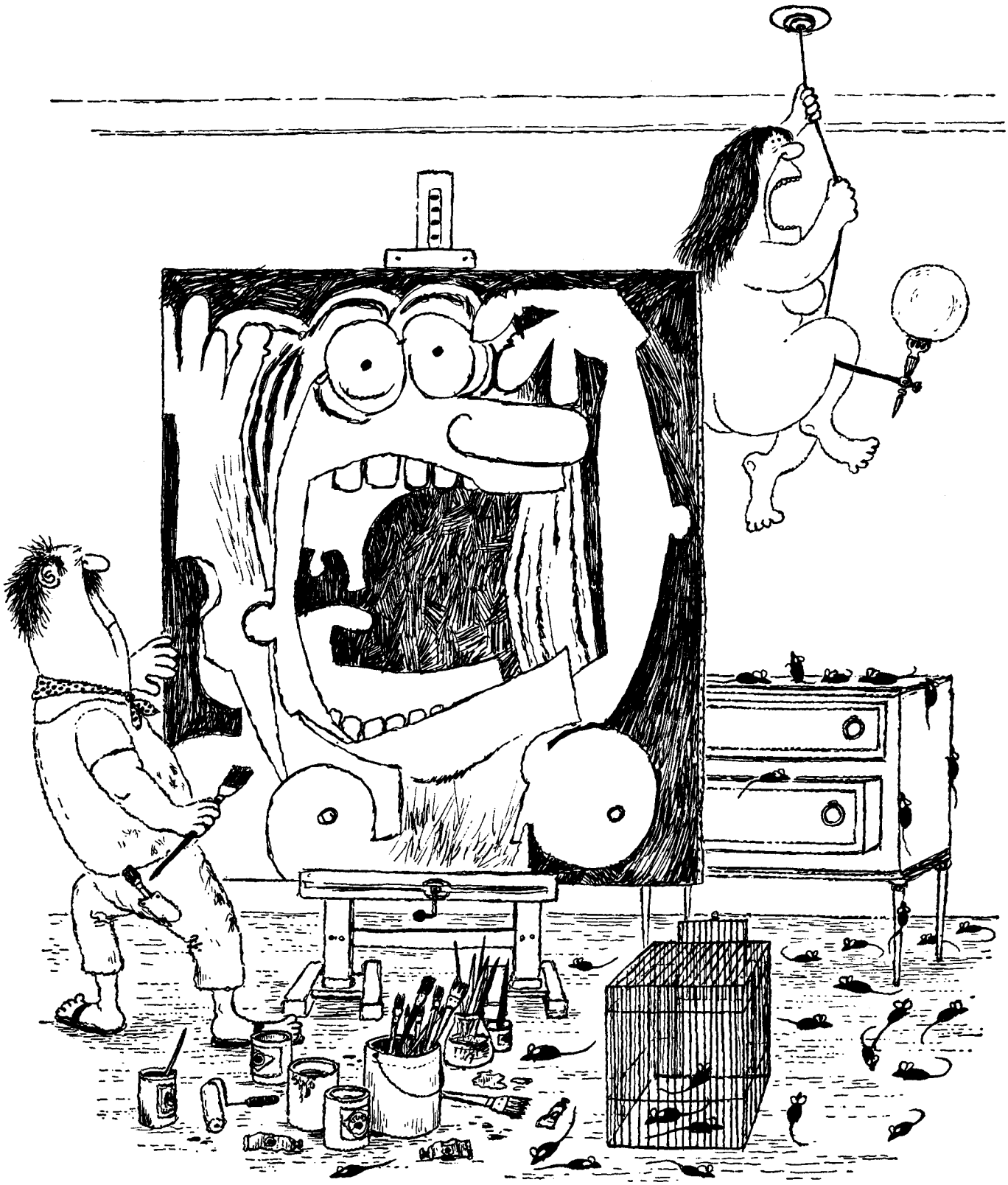

The Expressionist by Fernando Krahn

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agency's vice president in charge of radio and TV.

MEL HELITZER, who founded the agency, has some definite ideas about the market he is aiming at. "We're planning to handle so-called 'adult' accounts over which children have an influence," he told me recently. "Children exert a tremendous influence at times in deciding which airline the family should take or which camera or automobile or gasoline product should be bought." He cited the example of a Memphis moving-van firm that offered model trucks to children who could persuade their parents to let the van company submit an estimate when moving time came.

Helitzer said his firm reckons that by the time they are three years old children become consumers who can be reached by TV. That medium alone consumes about eighty-five per cent of the advertising dollars the firm spends for its clients. "Of course, there are do-gooders who feel that advertising to this young group involves exploitation," Helitzer conceded. "But these kids are discriminating consumers even at this early age. True, the right kind of a commercial really sinks into their subconscious. They'll hum it, sing it, repeat it for days. Kids are born mimics, and advertisers can take advantage of this mimicry. But when they nag at their mothers to buy the product and it's no good, the kids will never ask for it again, even while continuing to sing the jingle. You can only fool a kid once."

To be sure, a cynic might point out that fooling forty million preteen youngsters, even just once, can still add up to a sizable profit. To this one advertising-industry response is that it's against agency policy to take on clients with inferior products.

Before setting up his own specialized advertising agency, Helitzer was advertising director of Ideal Toy (Betsy-Wetsy dolls, Mr. Machine, etc.) for eight years, during which his firm's advertising budget increased tenfold to $3 million. "Advertising agencies would come soliciting our account," Helitzer recalled, "and I would ask them, 'Who is going to be handling my account if I give it to you?' The agencies always fumbled around with the answer to that one. I soon realized that there was no agency really in the business of selling to children. So in 1963 our firm came into being. It's the only one of its kind."

Helitzer uses all the modern techniques of market research to make sure his clients' products have the youth appeal they should. The name, the packaging, the directions—and the advertising—are very often pretested. The laboratories are usually private nurseries that are willing to

give up their pupils' classroom time in return for a check or for boxes of spare toys. "We're past the era when a product goes on the market just because the client's kids like it," Helitzer, the father of two daughters, told me. "And we're past the age when the junior ad writers, the least expensive engravings, and the client's two nephews as models are used to create one of these advertising campaigns. Kids today can spot the shoddy sell just as quickly as their parents, and they resent it."

Occasionally, nursery-school students are exposed to a number of filmed commercials and then asked about what they did and didn't like about the spiels. Or they are sent into a room with a dozen products lined up against a wall. Behind one-way glass, the agency executives note which items appeal to the youngsters first. On other occasions, elaborate mock stores have been constructed to observe the children's gravitation toward one type of display or packaging over another. (Red and yellow seem to be their favorite product colors.)

"Getting information out of the kids after testing is not always easy," Helitzer revealed. "We are still in the business of learning ourselves. If you ask all the kids in groups about the products they did or didn't like, there is a tendency of some to always echo the opinions of the group leaders. On the other hand, if you talk to them one at a time, alone, they are in an uncomfortable interview situation, talking with an adult they don't know who is asking them crazy questions—and we're not always sure we get the correct answers this way either. This is virgin marketing territory and we're still breaking new ground."

DESPITE the difficulties Helitzer has mentioned, painstaking and imaginative research has already turned up some significant discoveries. The specialists have determined, for example, that youth is not one big market but several little ones—and the advertiser had better aim his pitch specifically at one target group or another.

In the early years, from three to five, the youngsters obviously can't read and have very little experience as consumers to draw upon. So sales emphasis has to be on short, catchy jingles and easy-to-follow cartoon spots or dramatic situations.

The five-to-twelve set likes adventure and hero worship. They carried the big sales load during the Davy Crockett craze of 1955. "Those were the days," Helitzer recalled with a smile, "when a stray cat had to worry about cars, dogs, and coonskin-cap manufacturers. My firm took all the stuffing out of our plush bears, laid out the animals like trophy rugs, and slapped on a banner reading 'The Bear That Davy Crockett Shot.' It sold.

"Comic books are probably the cheapest way to reach this group. Comics are read, reread, traded,

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kept," Helitzer reminded me. "But many manufacturers are worried about the bad image comic books have and they stay away in droves."

Other recently completed research has revealed that youngsters are not particularly loyal customers. They switch brands the way they flick the TV dial. According to Eugene Gilbert, "The advertiser who invests his money in youngsters today because he thinks they will automatically grow up and buy his car or stove or shirt all through adulthood is wasting his money. Our figures don't show that this long-range brand loyalty exists."

THE FIRST major outburst of criticism against the more aggressive forms of merchandising to children occurred in the early 1950's, when dulcet television voices sneered at the TV-less neighbors' children who had come over to watch. Several years later a few manufacturers set off another furore by urging youngsters over TV to "get Mommy to run to your nearest discount store and buy you [this $40 toy] today." A self-policing code between the toy industry and the broadcasters has all but eliminated this type of commercialism.

"Look, we know we're going to be resented," one successful children's marketer conceded. "It's inevitable. Parents still like to think of themselves as complete masters in their own home. They are unhappy about our attempts to tamper with their total control of the family pocketbook. Like the pedestrian who insists on walking through traffic because technically he has the right of way, they run into trouble when they have to face the fact that youngsters in the home do have a real say on how the family exchequer is being spent."

Helitzer and his firm put it in a slightly different way in the *Times* advertisement they created for *Jack and Jill*. Resorting to rhyme, the ad states categorically:

Whoever says children just rule
over toys
Should add up the spending of
our girls and boys.
They influence spending of fifty
billion dollars
So don't underestimate juvenile
hollers.

Resurrection From the County Home Gardens

Because good God grows weary of His dead,
In proper season it begins, with pigeons
Flaring from the muddy lawns, that these
Old county men are taking color in their dust.
Bats flurry from the bareboned nostrils,
Grass is grubjaws at their toes, the petaled
Skulls grow cavernous, they feel the first
Breaths tear like troutbones in the throat,
And are gone blind of sky, but bound
Such strength of pattern they will never grieve
They die, nailed down by garden roots and fishes' spines.

Today is spring when spider-footed herons freeze
In beach pools, and the kitchen serpent
Turns its notice to untidy sparrows' nests.
The earth whirls like a child's hat
The lengths of blazing streets; now these
Old men, who wearied of the holy seasons at
Their risk, permit themselves no sleep, but shout
And clatter down their corridors.
The graves are flooded, salamanders flash for dark,
Fish swim in eel-mottled skies, the sun
Is bloody beaks and tongues of pigeons at their eyes.

It is a new time and an empty town.
These old men have so intricately spun
These many years their beards and bones, and prayed
In proper praise of time and name, how have
They meant, except each ghost at last
Can contradance to carpets, jig in purple bags,
Fly loud and blazing of its breath to flower on the bone?
Each knows the grave roots rip the belly if he rise,
But thinks perhaps from such
Extravagance of agony no creature dies.

Today the garden elms still shake
With voices of old men who undertook
In time the constant and proved worship of
Arrangement; today they spin
Like bonestorms through the gardens to
The western lawns, and none remain
For news and prophecy.
Old men, if love struck any pattern to your bones,
Then now should be the long dream of
That juncture; remember us
You have not seen for years.

—JOHN ENGELS

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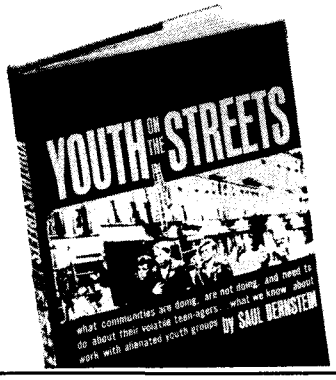
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what communities are doing, are not doing, and need to do about their volatile teen-agers... what we know about work with alienated youth groups
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You Get a Lot to Like

JOHN M. CONLY

WHEN it was announced earlier this spring in Tokyo that the Japan Philharmonic would go on tour instead of disbanding for the summer, everybody in the orchestra was happy except Toshio Asai, first clarinet. Mr. Asai had planned to spend the summer in Vermont—specifically, at the music center in Marlboro. Halfway around the world in Portugal, things looked considerably brighter to Antonio David, concertmaster of the Lisbon Symphony Orchestra. Senhor David *was* going.

A young cellist once quipped that nearly every good musician in the world wants to go to Marlboro, even if only after he dies. To the general public, Marlboro is a small-scale summer festival in an out-of-the-way locale, with music school attached. To musicians, it is more than festival or school, if indeed it is a school at all: it is an institution expressly and uniquely shaped to their own highest needs.

The rather special ties with Tokyo date from a concert visit there four years ago by Marlboro's director, the pianist Rudolf Serkin. Since then five Tokyo musicians have come to Marlboro, among them four members of the Japan Philharmonic—the first flute, first cello, first bassoon, and first oboe. Marlboro has given them scholarships, and most of their travel expenses have been paid by a group of Japanese and American businessmen in Tokyo. This year another group of Japanese and American businessmen in New York (as if in compensation for the absence of clarinetist Asai) have joined in a tribute to Marlboro with a very practical gesture. These are the U.S. division of Sony, which makes Japan's finest tape recorders, and Audio Devices, Inc., which makes some of America's finest tape. The former has just shipped to Marlboro about two thousand dollars' worth of professional recording equipment, marked simply "Memo—no charge." The latter offered all the Audiotape Marlboro could use.

Here is what the equipment and tape will capture and preserve as this season starts: The day after the center opens on June 22, Pablo Casals will begin master classes, on the interpretive level, in cello and in ensemble performance. On the second weekend he will—if all goes well—conduct three Bach concerts. His main force will consist of an orchestra in whose cello section will be Hermann Busch and Mischa Schneider of the Budapest Quartet. Schneider's brother Alexander will be among the violins, together with Jaime Laredo, Felix Galimir, Schmuel Ashkenazi, and Senhor David just in from Lisbon. There will be at least a dozen more first-chair instrumentalists from the world's leading orchestras. (With Schneider and Busch among the cellists, fortuitously, will be Jules Eskin, who is leaving the first chair in the Cleveland Orchestra this year to replace Samuel Mayes in the Boston Symphony, and Gerald Appelbaum, who will replace Eskin at Cleveland.) If pianists are needed, there will be Serkin, Mieczyslaw Horszowski, Claude Frank, and Malcolm Frager. The concerts will be a labor of love by the most tireless perfectionists in the art. They could not happen—or do not, anyway—anywhere else in the world.

Last July's Casals orchestral rehearsals—the Beethoven Eighth Symphony, the Mozart 39th, and the Mendelssohn "Italian"—so excited Serkin that he telephoned Columbia Records, who record him. But Columbia wasn't interested. So Serkin himself hired a custom recording crew. Marlboro has the tapes of the three symphonies, together with a half hour of Casals rehearsing, and is thinking of issuing them as a two-disc album under its own label.

It could use the money. The musicians who participate (their own term for what they do) at Marlboro, including such celebrities as Casals, Serkin, Van Cliburn, and Isaac Stern, are not paid; they contribute their services, and sometimes more. Those who stay the whole season pay a sort of tuition fee of $625. Some can't afford anything, so they receive scholarships, meaning that

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their colleagues pay for them. How much Serkin himself has put into Marlboro no one knows, but it has been plenty. The annual deficit is about $45,000; most of the gifts that help pay it off are of $100 or less. The public attendance is helpful, but the hall—although new—holds only 550 listeners, of whom up to one hundred are always participating musicians and their families.

The concerts—on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays for seven weeks; July 3 to August 16 this year—are usually pretty well sold out. Everyone who comes has come for the music alone. Marlboro's area of the Green Mountains has no other tourist attraction but scenery in the summer. In the winter it is a skiing center, and most of the summer hostelries are converted ski lodges, pleasant but unpretentious. Serkin has no wish to draw overflow crowds. As he says, they would be the wrong people and, anyway, that isn't what Marlboro is for.

What it is for is still precisely what the founders decided upon in 1950. These were Serkin, the late Adolf Busch, his brother Hermann, the French flutist Marcel Moyse, and his son and daughter-in-law, Louis and Blanche Honegger Moyse. They chose Marlboro because they had bought houses nearby. The festival campus is leased from Marlboro College, a small experimental school. The idea was to establish a setting where musicians—the best musicians, young and old—could congregate, discourse, and play music altogether of their own choosing, working on it in interchange until their understanding and mastery of it satisfied even themselves. Any concertizing would be strictly incidental. This still goes. The pianist Leon Fleisher said last summer: "After all, a human being's greatest joy is sharing experiences with others in an endeavor. And undeniably some of the greatest music ever written, the most nearly divine, if you don't mind the word, is chamber music." This is not to say, for instance, that prodigious young Jaime Laredo wishes Mendelssohn had not written a violin concerto. However, if Laredo admirers want to see a transfigured Jaime Laredo, they should see him playing first violin in the Schubert cello quintet opposite Mischa Schneider as second cello. At the pizzicato end of the adagio, last August 31, these two men, cherubic violinist and broad, grizzled cellist, seemed almost to have lost consciousness of everything in the world but the incredible dialogue Schubert had given them. It was the sort of long moment that may not happen twice in a lifetime—for the listeners, too, but mainly for the players. They had achieved something beyond any planning or even hope: a perfect realization of an ultimate beauty.

To MAKE such moments possible is one reason Marlboro programs are not scheduled nor announced in advance. At or before the beginning of the season, the musicians submit the names of works they want tried. An informal vote is taken to select a reasonable number, and the artists then break spontaneously into the groups that will essay each composition. Eighty or even a hundred may be in process at the same time. When a group is utterly satisfied with its realization, Serkin is informed and —sometimes at the last minute— schedules it for a concert. There is never a deadline, except for the first and last concerts. Many compositions are abandoned in mid-course. Hence audiences have to take pot luck. The pot, however, is sublime, and the luck is always good.

Much of the fare is novel, meaning not necessarily new but rarely played. For example, Myron Bloom, first horn of the Cleveland Orchestra, and a twelve-year Marlboro repeater, has said: "I like Max Reger. Some Reger, anyway. There's no place for him now in musical fashions. But Peter [Serkin's nineteen-year-old son] and Mischa played his A minor sonata the other night. It is real, major, very thoughtful, live music, *worth* discovering. And another thing about this place: where else would a horn player have the chance to play in Bach's *Art of the Fugue*? We did it here, scored for brasses. Even our string players liked it!"

Serkin and the other senior members keep the enrollment down to about eighty, what Serkin calls "a good-sized family." This means heartache for many youthful aspirants, but the standard of talent has to be kept high. Mischa Schneider has described the way the musicians work

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together this way: "Is Jaime Laredo my student, or am I Jaime's? I don't know. I have much experience, yes. But only from people his age am I likely to get ideas really new to me."

COLUMBIA RECORDS has produced seven discs with Marlboro personnel. Two of these are really just Serkin records—Mozart concertos, with Alexander Schneider conducting, made under regular contract. The other five, listed in the box below, were made by contract with Marlboro, the artists performing without fee and the proceeds going to the school. Columbia's Marlboro effort seems to embody more dogged conscientiousness than enthusiasm. One is tempted to suspect that the records are made mostly to mollify Serkin, a valuable man to keep under contract. There has been little attempt to publicize them, although to the listener who discovers them they are pure delight.

Meanwhile Marlboro makes do, not doggedly at all, but high-heartedly. In a sense it survives confidently because of its pure importance. For it may well be the highest concentration of artistic activity, of whatever kind, that takes place anywhere, any time, in the United States—and possibly the world.

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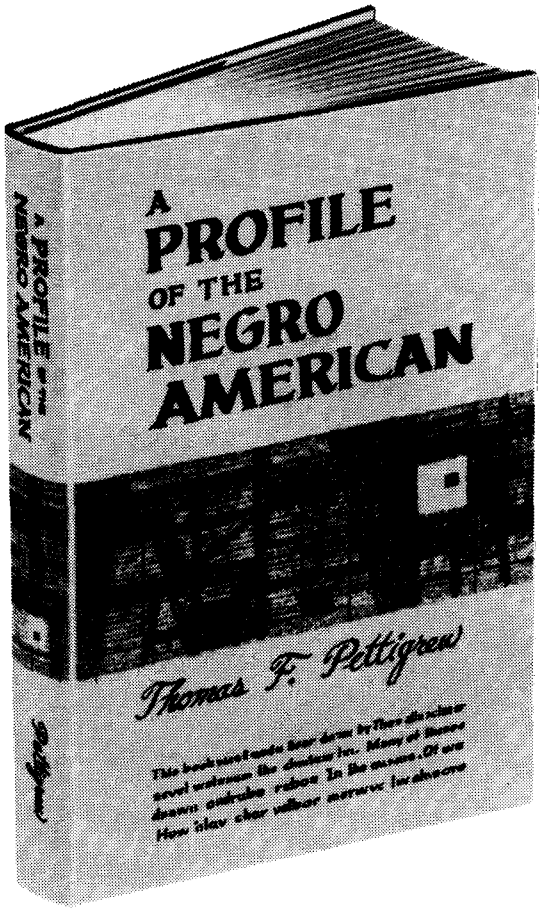
BRAHMS: LIEBESLIEDER WALTZES. Marlboro Festival Quartet (Valente, Kleinman, Conner, Singher), with Serkin and Fleisher, pianists. Schubert's SHEPHERD ON THE ROCK, with Valente and Serkin, on reverse. ML-5636 mono, MS-6236 stereo.

BRAHMS: TRIO IN E FLAT FOR HORN, VIOLIN, AND PIANO, Op. 40. Bloom, Tree, and Serkin. Schubert's AUF DEM STROM, with Valente, Serkin, and Bloom, on reverse. ML-5643 mono, MS-6243 stereo.

SCHOENBERG: VERKLAERTE NACHT, Op. 4. Galimir *et al.* Fauré's LA BONNE CHANSON, with Singher *et al.*, on reverse. ML-5644 mono, MS-6244 stereo.



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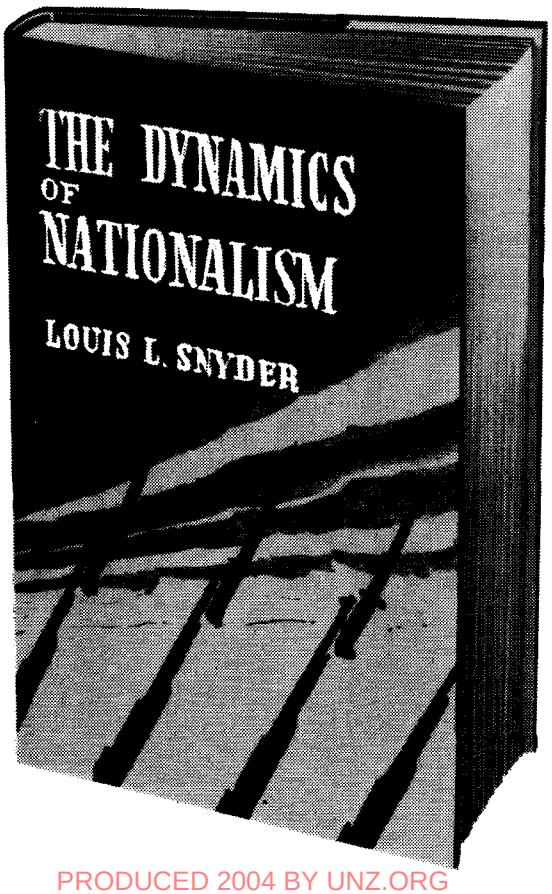

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The Coin of Governance

ADOLF A. BERLE

POWER IN WASHINGTON: A CRITICAL LOOK AT TODAY'S STRUGGLE TO GOVERN IN THE NATION'S CAPITAL, by Douglass Cater. *Random House. $4.95.*

Power is elusive. It is at once absolutely necessary and absolutely feared. By turns it is deified and damned. When chaos impends, refuge must be found in power: the worst dictatorship on the whole is less oppressive than unpredictable anarchy. To maintain and extend itself—certainly over areas comparable to those governed from Washington or Moscow—it must also announce ends and, sincerely or not, declare itself a means to them. Beyond that, it engenders, expresses, and fulfills an emotion of the powerholders and of great masses willing to support them; and the causes of that root emotion are so deeply embedded in the human psyche that they have never yet been excavated.

Power is divided, roughly, into that which is conquered and that which is assigned by an institutional system. Ultimate power can only be attained by conquest on a battlefield and by methods corresponding to the customs and norms of the time. In the United States, the top power position—the Presidency—is won first by pre-nomination campaigns within the two dominant parties and thereafter in a Presidential election. To be successful in the first or second stage, the candidate must make or at least imply commitments to subcontract his future power to allies and friends. Bluntly, the candidate must satisfy the party leaders that they also will share the power resulting from his success. (A contender for the imperial power in Rome had to do much the same thing, attracting the support of enough legions to convince his rivals that contest was useless or to defeat them in the field if they challenged him.) American norms, set by the Constitution as presently amended, require aggregating support of enough state political leaders to assure sufficient votes in the right places for a majority in the Electoral College.

Though the process and the struggle frequently seem irrelevant, they none the less have, as Douglass Cater explains in his first-rate study, a solid rationale. They require that the man who claims to be leader prove himself "equipped physically and temperamentally to sustain the rigor of that job," and capable of mobilizing the men, the money, and the loyalty needed for political victory. As leadership goes, the results of the American selection have been remarkably good.

Arrived in Washington, a President discovers that the struggle for power has only begun. Constitutional law divides power between the Executive and the Congress—and, though Cater does not examine this subject at length—the Supreme Court. This rule does not determine the location of power; rather, it sets the lines for further contest. It appears to be of the nature of power that holders of it will and perhaps must endeavor to maintain and if possible extend it. (A Tammany leader once said approvingly after my appointment to a sinecure office in New York City that I was "building up the office," as I ought to be doing.) Congress, Cater points out, is vividly aware of its power, intends to hold onto it, and wants more. It has organized itself into a series of "subgovernments" (Cater's felicitous term) or "baronies" (Woodrow Wilson's word), ruled over by powerful committees that in turn are dominated by their chairmen.

These chairmen secure their power by assignment within the institutional frame—specifically by seniority. Their right to power is derived not from conquest but by operation of a fixed system; they must accordingly defend that system and extend its domination where they can. The necessity of dealing with the system is one of the considerations a Presi-

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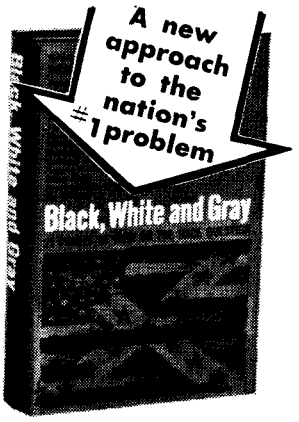

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dent must have in mind in making his campaign and even more in attempting to govern. Overtly or tacitly, he thus must subcontract a part of his power in the process. When the Congress is really at odds with the President, it can confine him. In extremes, it may attempt to reduce him to impotence—as Thaddeus Stevens and his Radicals endeavored to do to Andrew Johnson by passing the Tenure of Office Act and establishing control over the Executive branch. The seniority system in Congress, which elevates congressmen from obscure districts to rule over the committee "baronies," does not require that these men, even though they are of his political party, sympathize with the policies or ends dear to the President. So the President cannot command; even he has to dicker.

PERHAPS the most fascinating chapters in Cater's book relate to Congress's own search for its role, and his analysis of the nature of the baronial power. This is unwritten Constitutional law: the Constitution says nothing about it; Congress, through its procedural rules, has a great deal to say, frequently in unpublicized caucuses and proceedings. The result is an intricate and exceedingly delicate power structure, and it cannot be altered without surprising results. As Cater notes, the Legislative Reorganization Act of 1946 was designed to cut down the power of committee chairmen. In practice it strengthened the "subgovernments" of the great committees and, presently, the subgovernments of their proliferating subcommittees. With all these the President must negotiate. Except in exceptional circumstances like war or the economic crisis of 1933, he cannot give orders.

Below the subgovernments administered by Congressional committees lie the serried ranks of the country's economic and business organizations. Many of these develop intimate relations with the Congressional barons in whose field of operations they lie. A great part of American economy today is organized and depends in part on government arrangements of one sort or another. For instance, the American sugar industry is ultimately controlled by the quota and tariff arrangements designed to maintain balance between domestic and imported sugar; these are worked out by a committee presided over by Representative Harold D. Cooley of North Carolina. Obviously the trade organizations play a major role. The greatest of the dukedoms is the defense industry, working with the Department of Defense; both in turn must work with the powerful House and Senate committees having jurisdiction over naval and military affairs. These committees do not merely determine how much business there shall be and in measure where it shall go. They also accommodate regional and local interests, absorbing the first line of shocks of economic dislocation when defense orders leave one area and go to another.

The task of balancing is enormous and essential. The financial stakes run into tens of billions and of course involve employment, local development, and regional well-being. The number of individuals in various constituencies may also determine election results in any given district or state. The results of the interplay are not, Cater believes, merely the result of financial grabs. They approximate the point at which—subgovernment by subgovernment—much of American economic planning is carried on, though unhappily without stated criteria. Again, the Constitution says little about this; the process is built upon and flows from the Congressional power to appropriate money.

Another range of subgovernments is located in the entrenched bureaucracies of the Executive branch. I should give them a somewhat higher rating in the power hierarchy than Cater does. These are civil servants; they are more or less permanent, whereas Presidents last four or eight years. They are quite content to function more or less anonymously. Frequently they would prefer that the Cabinet officers under whom they serve—and the President—should become mere paper signers and speechmakers while they determine and execute policy. It is a fair question whether they are more powerful than the Congressional barons. Their power rests on their knowledge. They have, or are supposed to have, expertise. They have the rec-

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No. 104

by HENRY ALLEN

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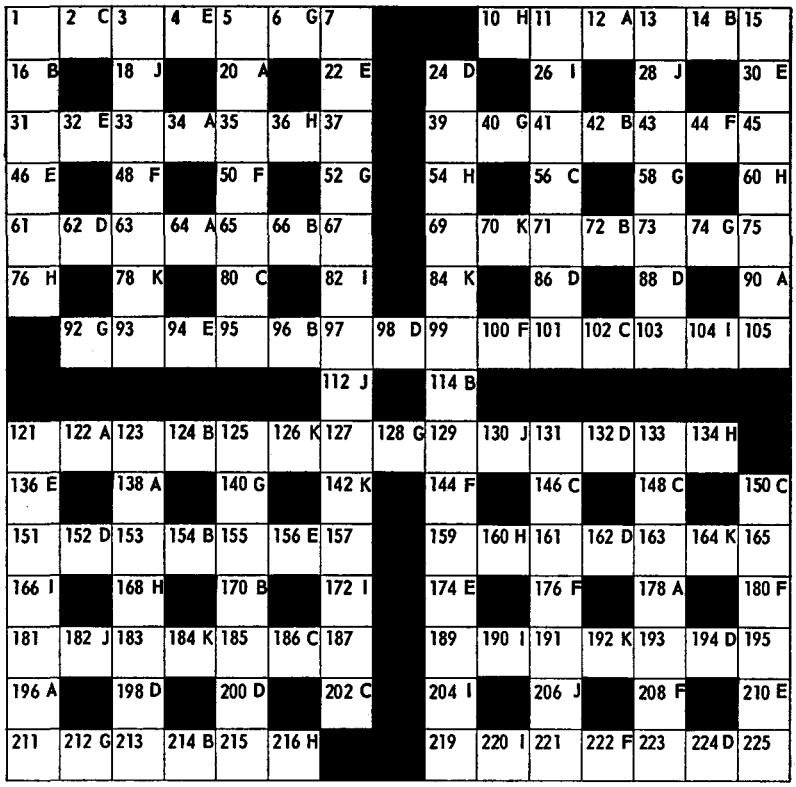
DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



$\overline{64}$ $\overline{12}$ $\overline{138}$ $\overline{34}$ $\overline{90}$ $\overline{178}$ $\overline{122}$ $\overline{196}$ $\overline{20}$ Made greatest.

$\overline{42}$ $\overline{114}$ $\overline{16}$ $\overline{66}$ $\overline{14}$ $\overline{72}$ $\overline{96}$ $\overline{124}$ $\overline{154}$ $\overline{214}$ $\overline{170}$ Everyone unmoved (3,4,4).

$\overline{202}$ $\overline{2}$ $\overline{56}$ $\overline{186}$ $\overline{146}$ $\overline{102}$ $\overline{80}$ $\overline{148}$ $\overline{150}$ Order to percussion instruments (4,5).

$\overline{88}$ $\overline{86}$ $\overline{62}$ $\overline{194}$ $\overline{24}$ $\overline{132}$ $\overline{224}$ $\overline{152}$ $\overline{198}$ $\overline{200}$ $\overline{162}$ $\overline{98}$ Made speechless (8,4).

$\overline{136}$ $\overline{210}$ $\overline{94}$ $\overline{174}$ $\overline{156}$ $\overline{32}$ $\overline{4}$ $\overline{46}$ $\overline{22}$ $\overline{30}$ She ran to tell the king the sky was falling (5-5).

$\overline{180}$ $\overline{144}$ $\overline{176}$ $\overline{100}$ $\overline{44}$ $\overline{50}$ $\overline{208}$ $\overline{222}$ $\overline{48}$ Kind of fruit disease (5,4).

$\overline{128}$ $\overline{212}$ $\overline{52}$ $\overline{74}$ $\overline{58}$ $\overline{92}$ $\overline{140}$ $\overline{6}$ $\overline{40}$ Summons to a meal (5,4).

$\overline{60}$ $\overline{134}$ $\overline{160}$ $\overline{76}$ $\overline{54}$ $\overline{36}$ $\overline{216}$ $\overline{168}$ $\overline{10}$ What many people worry about after April 15 (3,6).

$\overline{82}$ $\overline{204}$ $\overline{166}$ $\overline{104}$ $\overline{220}$ $\overline{172}$ $\overline{26}$ $\overline{190}$ Word 1 in "G" is intended to satisfy this (5,3).

$\overline{206}$ $\overline{28}$ $\overline{130}$ $\overline{18}$ $\overline{182}$ $\overline{112}$ "I have heard him assert, that a——chair was the throne of human felicity." "Johnsonian Miscellanies."

$\overline{126}$ $\overline{164}$ $\overline{70}$ $\overline{78}$ $\overline{192}$ $\overline{142}$ $\overline{84}$ $\overline{184}$ "Who be—— and grum?" Shaw, "Saint Joan" (3,5).

ACROSS

1. There's a great love of a small pit.
10. Gets away from the promontory on board.
31. Kind of reasoning for a first-class churchman (1,6).
39. Snake eyes or highest honors (3,4).
61. With 69 across, there's gold fire 'mid ice in the Tower of London, for example (4,3,7).
69. See 61 across.
92. It is so clear a bust, I think, for cops and cops.
121. Land near the Acrostician's.
151. Cleo's boy friend brings a thousand, but means the opposite.
159. Formerly plenty, for instance.
181. Food that's mostly a ladies' clothing ornament.
189. Take a tint or I will take the entry psalm.
211. Kind of code that may be mostly dull.
219. Took in, in all, in a rude way, it seems.

DOWN

1. Glean strongly and you'll get a projecting rim.
3. Will rot give giddiness?
5. It's a door for us, Love, but it's smelly.
7. A season for Nehru? It's untimely warm (2,6,6).
11. With 125 down, consider it a quantity to be handled with gloves (4,2,1,7).
13. A chip is a part or all of this game (var. sp.).
15. Methods for a messy little saint.
24. Beginning appropriate for a chess player or surgeon? (7,7).
121. 189 across may be this with a cent, had it not?
123. Expel? But one who does this shouldn't be *de trop*.
125. See 11 down.
131. Is the toad apt to make adjustment for a new form? (5,2).
133. I claim to be godly, but not so!
150. He is teased about and has taken the chair.

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ords. They have their own philosophy and set ideas. They are essential. They contribute immensely; they can become vicious. They too defend and extend their power, making alliances with elements of the press, Congress, and political leaders elsewhere.

The President's power is thus bounded on one side by the Congressional barons, on another by the departmental bureaucracies, on still another by the party alliances or commitments he made to get elected, and finally by the tide of public opinion. The public in turn is influenced by the press and other media, and control of these mechanisms is not the least sought-after prize in Washington.

Balancing, manipulating, playing off one power group against another, on rare occasions giving orders, a President is expected to lead the vast American complex—and with it those other parts of the world which turn to it. This situation is scarcely new: one remembers Gibbon's description of the methods by which Augustus Caesar manipulated himself to senior power, held it, and used it as the Roman Empire was organized.

Is there, Cater finally asks, an "Establishment" behind the vast machinery? There is not, he thinks, and I agree with him. The late C. Wright Mills endeavored to patch up one, composed of the political directorate, the corporate rich, and the ascendant military. But then Mills, though not an avowed Marxian, bitterly wanted a class with which to struggle, and he was going to get it if he had to go out and borrow one. David Riesman's "pluralism," based on a balance of many contending groups, is far more accurate. Mills did not suggest and Cater does not find any significant situation in which the supposed power elite did make national decisions: "Unless defined to include a congeries so diverse and so transient as to lack meaning, Mills' concept of a sinister and cynical power elite hardly seems applicable to decision-making in Washington today." This has been my own observation. Occasionally, transient situations do exist—but they are too rare, too fluctuating, too lacking in permanence, and too often defeated to support Mills's thesis. Obviously, in the sense that nations have always depended on a top stratum of men of higher competence, devotion, and interest, there is an "elite." But it is not the kind and does not have the power that Marxians and crypto-Communists love to bellow about.

There remains, nevertheless, the great mystery. Why do men crave power? Certainly it is not, except in the extreme upper reaches, an effective means of avoiding oblivion. Few powerholders have a rendezvous with history. Only the President and, through accidental circumstances, occasional Cabinet ministers or legislators are long remembered. Heads and powerful members of the subgovernments in the departmental bureaucracies, Congressional committees, or the underlying economic organizations are more quickly forgotten than the humblest professor who writes a book or the scientist who works out a theoretical problem. No one remembers, for example, who was Machiavelli's chief when he handled diplomatic affairs for the Republic of Florence. Posthumous fame is not the reward.

The exercise of power itself merely means sitting in a larger room, with a longer list of waiting appointments, each visitor interested in his affairs and not at all in the powerholder. Worse yet, the capacity to make immediate decisions affecting many men does not necessarily include the ability to produce the desired long-term result. A decision-maker may think he is a Carlylean hero (and once in an age he may be). But he usually knows himself more nearly as a pawn of a Tolstoyan fate. By comparison with the effects caused by an intellectual developing ideas, a decade or a generation later the results he produces may seem trifling.

Yet at any given moment, he may be able to say that this man or this enterprise or this area shall flourish instead of dying. He momentarily assumes the function of fate, wearing it according to his temperament with grace or grief, with gaiety or sadness. In the fast-running current of these emotions—for which he must sacrifice most occupations that make life dear—he must find his swift satisfaction. And yet, as Cater observes, few men who have power

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willingly lay it down. Power shares with love the distinction of being the oldest emotional force in the history of man. The struggle to govern, contrary to the conceits of popular novelists and playwrights, is made more of morals than of melodrama, presided over by daemon rather than dogma. Here Presidents and politicians, barons and bureaucrats meet in common understanding. Condemned to fight for their existence like the old kings at Nemi, they none the less understand their enemies.

As a study of power, Cater's book offers a firsthand description of the Washington phenomena, systematized and classified. It may be a reward or perhaps a paradox that has now placed Cater in the White House as a Special Assistant to the President. Either way, his book is an excellent credential of capacity.

CIA on Trial

JEAN EDWARD SMITH

THE BAY OF PIGS, by Haynes Johnson. Illustrated with photographs. *W. W. Norton. $5.95.*

Information on the Cuban invasion comes hard. *The Bay of Pigs* by Haynes Johnson is no exception. Based on extensive interviews with the brigade leaders, his book, according to the jacket blurb, purports to tell "the full story at last" about the Bay of Pigs. But promise exceeds performance.

As the brigade leaders announce in a signed preface, "this book [relates] the facts as we know them. No member of our Brigade could know everything that happened." Fair enough. Were Mr. Johnson's efforts represented simply as an account of men under fire, of their training and capture, of their subsequent imprisonment and indemnification, this book could be recommended without reservation. Unfortunately, this is not the case. The trouble with this otherwise sound book is simply that Mr. Johnson has failed to place the invasion in its total perspective.

In the first place, a complete history of the Bay of Pigs would have

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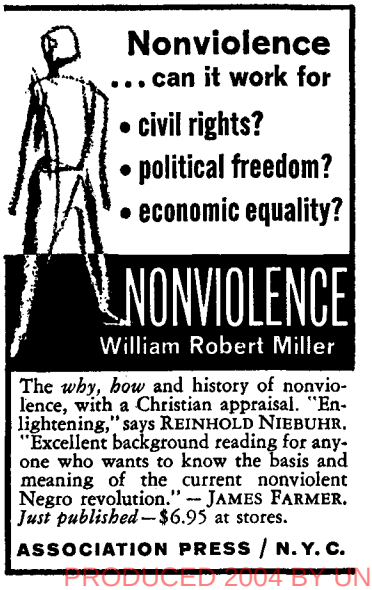

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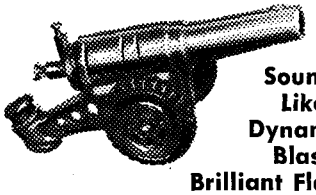

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to focus on Washington. The Kennedy administration launched the invasion and was responsible for it. What Mr. Johnson has given us is an account of decisions in Washington as seen and interpreted (with considerable retrospect) by Cubans two thousand miles away. The author's treatment of events in Washington is sketchy. He tells us, for example, that he "has gained information and other documentary material from sources which cannot be divulged, but which are irrefutable." What does this mean? Did he see the Taylor report on the affair? Or perhaps he talked to a member of the investigation (General Taylor, Admiral Burke, Allen Dulles, or Robert Kennedy), although each supposedly is pledged to secrecy.

MUCH of the information Mr. Johnson reports is critical of the Joint Chiefs and the CIA. One wonders whether he spoke to anyone in those offices, or if he attempted to do so. He has said that he sent galley proofs to the CIA and invited comment but received none. This is significant, but it does not relieve Mr. Johnson of the obligation of exploring all sides of the controversy—an obligation best discharged while a manuscript is being prepared, not after it is completed. Former CIA Deputy Director Richard Bissell, for example, certainly should have been interviewed, yet he was not, nor was he ever approached by Johnson. My point is this: Haynes Johnson makes numerous charges against the Central Intelligence Agency and the Joint Chiefs of Staff based on testimony of the Cuban survivors, but these charges simply do not stand up.

Take the case against the CIA. First, we are told that the agency misled the Cubans into believing the success of the operation would be guaranteed by the American government; that the Cubans believed the brigade "would have the complete support of the United States government, including United States military—and air—support."

This charge has been made repeatedly and deserves further analysis. What the Cubans believed (or wanted to believe) and what they were told are not necessarily the same. Consider President Kennedy's press conference of April 12 in which he unequivocally excluded participation by U.S. forces in the invasion, the special emissary he sent to the training camps to ensure that no U.S. personnel participated, and the similar measures taken by the Joint Chiefs and the CIA. The impression is unmistakable that if the Cubans believed in armed U.S. support during the invasion phase of the operation, the mistake was of their own making.

This leads to the second and much more serious charge by Mr. Johnson: that the CIA operated as an *imperium in imperio*; that it planned to unleash the brigade regardless of Presidential decision, and that procedures to short-circuit a possible order to stand down were elaborately provided for. This charge is harder to dispute, because the CIA has given such an impression on many occasions. It may be, as Mr. Johnson suggests, that in speaking of the CIA one should distinguish between the agency itself and its derring-do men in the field. Though co-ordination of intelligence activities necessarily must be at the highest level possible to minimize leakage, the unfortunate result is that whenever anyone is taken by surprise by a sudden turn of events, he tends to assume that the CIA (or at least its agents in the field) acted independently. In the case of the Bay of Pigs nothing could be further from the truth. Rather than being purely a CIA operation, its planning took place at the highest level possible.

President Kennedy met eight times with the Secretaries of State and Defense, the Joint Chiefs, and the CIA on the invasion, and in these meetings the operation plan was developed down to the last detail. Far from exercising a benign supervisory role, Kennedy actively engaged in the detailed technical planning for the invasion. To suggest that the final plan simply was "presented" to him by the CIA and Joint Chiefs is wide of the mark. Nowhere is Mr. Johnson's curiously dimensionless view more evident than when he discusses (or to be more precise, when he fails to discuss) pre-invasion planning in Washington. He carefully weaves a blanket accusation against the professional departments, and just as carefully excludes those politically responsible. In particular,

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President Kennedy escapes unscathed.

A third charge made by Mr. Johnson is related to the technical competence of the CIA and the Joint Chiefs of Staff. The indictment is severe: that the CIA's intelligence was faulty, that local indigenous support was lacking, that no uprising took place, that the landing site was poorly selected, that resupply proved a total failure, and finally that without air cover, the whole operation was foredoomed anyway.

TO ANSWER these charges, it is necessary to know the mission of Brigade 2506 and what was to be accomplished. The vacuum in which the present discussion must be conducted makes precise answers difficult. It seems most unlikely, however, that either the Joint Chiefs or the CIA ever envisaged liberating Cuba with the fifteen hundred men who went ashore at the Bay of Pigs. The mission of the brigade patently was more limited. Probably it was to hold and consolidate a beachhead of sufficient size to enable a "revolutionary government" to land, issue a call for free elections, and then perhaps appeal for U.S. support to ensure that the elections took place. In such a case, we would not be intervening but responding to a call for support from a "government" already in existence.

To evaluate the landing at the Bay of Pigs, then, we need to know what was to be accomplished. The CIA was aware that its guerrilla net had been rolled up by Castro before the invasion, and it so reported to Washington. Nevertheless, the landing was allowed to proceed, a further indication that the objective was minimal. If the landing was aimed only at gaining control of a beachhead and holding it for four or five days, mass uprisings elsewhere would not have been necessary. What was required, however, was total air supremacy, and here is the crux of the whole debacle.

Again Mr. Johnson's treatment falls short. The Saturday air strike was heavily reduced in strength; Mr. Johnson suggests no reason. The Sunday air strike, designed to knock out whatever the Saturday strike missed, is not even referred to. The third strike, planned for Monday morning, was canceled, and again

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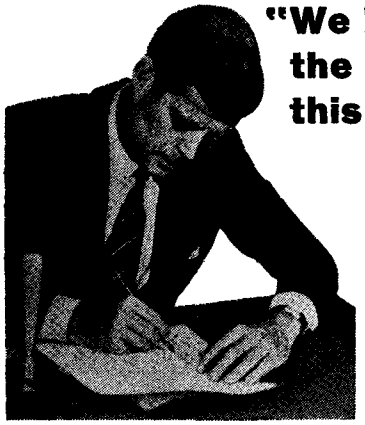

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Mr. Johnson's treatment is superficial. Of three pre-invasion air strikes, only one was delivered—and that at less than the anticipated strength. In other words, less than one-third of the prearranged air attack designed to neutralize Castro's air force was ever delivered. Mr. Johnson is remiss in not discussing in detail who or what emasculated it at the last moment. This is something very much different from an implication of technical incompetence on the part of the CIA and the military.

As for the landing area itself, there was much to justify it, given the presumed political purpose to be achieved by the brigade: namely, to hold a small geographic area for a sufficient number of days to allow a façade of government to be established. Here was an airfield from which the lumbering B-26s could operate (indeed, from which they could dominate the scene once Castro's air force was destroyed) and also into which support could be poured. The big drawback, as the Taylor report indicated, was the earlier failure to knock out Castro's air force, a failure that belongs at the political level, not at the military.

IN MANY RESPECTS *The Bay of Pigs* is a valuable book. It tells an absorbing story of the personal trials of men in combat, and the more rigorous experience of prolonged confinement. The brigade on the whole acquitted itself well. The courage of those involved comes through brightly. Without detracting from this courage, one might suggest that another contributing cause for the failure of the landings was the excessive reliance placed on individual prowess. The professional soldier builds an organization in which personal prowess is discounted in favor of conditioned and disciplined response. Apparently discipline wore heavily on the brigade prior to combat, and expressed itself fully only under the stress of captivity.

Mr. Johnson's story is interesting and well written. If it is not the "full story" about the Bay of Pigs, the failure of the American government to issue a White Paper on what happened is partially at fault. Until a definite (and disinterested) account is issued, we can hardly expect much more.

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